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Blossoms
from
the South

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THOUGHT BLOSSOMS

FROM THE

.. SOUTH ..

A COLLECTION OF POEMS, ESSAYS, STORIES, ETC.

.. BY ..

SOUTHERN WRITERS,

.. WITH AN ..

INTRODUCTION BY HON. JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

.. COMPILED BY ..

LOUISE THREETE HODGES,

ASSISTED BY

GERTRUDE ELOISE BEALER.

A SOUVENIR

.. OF THE ..

COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL
EXPOSITION.



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INTRODUCTORY.

In this Exposition year, when the South makes glorious manifest of its material greatness and development, it seems proper to present, in acceptable form, the evidences of that gentler growth in scholarship and literature, which has been so happily coincident with the industrial advance.

There was no distinctive Southern literature before the civil strife. The diffusion of population hindered the public school. The fertility of soil and climate lessened the necessity for labor; while the paradox of slavery enthralled the intellectual life of the people, prevented centralization in community life, destroyed the inspiration to literary labor, and in the apprehension of impending danger to the cherished institution, swept every vital brain as an eager volunteer into the open and tempting arena of politics.

But there was no lack of brains behind the splendid feudal system of our earlier economic life. The period so unproductive in literature enriched the world with political wisdom, and was prolific of statesmen and patriots. A Southerner first declared for constitutional liberty; a Southerner sounded the first ringing note for independence, and another Southerner baptized the free-men of the world in the glory of its declaration; a Southerner carried to a victorious issue the revolution which followed, and Southern brains and patriotism made deep impress upon the noble structure of the federal constitution. But the environment was

political and aristocratic, and letters were subordinate to the forum and the sword.

Scholarship and literature have blossomed for us easily and naturally out of the changed conditions of our sectional life. The revolution threw us together. Its necessities disciplined us; the suffering chastened, the tragedy inspired sentiment to expression, and the final catastrophe opened new fields of observation and expression.

Southern scholarship has enriched Johns Hopkins University with the famous Gildersleeve; it has contributed to the faculty of Columbia College, Thos. R. Price and John W. Burgess. Harvard has levied upon us for Crawford Toy and David Lynn. The great University of Wisconsin has called Charles Forster Smith from Vanderbilt; Wm. Rogers, a Southern student, founded in Massachusetts the greatest technological institute in America, and Souza, of Virginia, is now a teacher there. Deering, of Vanderbilt, has gone to the West; Stuart, of Texas, is at Amherst; the brilliant and distinguished LeContes are in California, while Maury's text-books enrich the schools of the republic.

The pulpits of the great city churches, North and West, ring every Sabbath with the eloquence of Deems and Dixon and Talmage and Lee and Stakely and Hoyt, and a host of consecrated Southern men, called from the storm-swept section of '65.

From the echoes of slavery, Harris and Page have caught up and immortalized the folklore of the plantation, and the dialect humor of the race whose history is the pathos of our civilization. Over the wreck of the feudal system, DeLeon has painted the vanishing gallantries and graces of the Cavalier against the sterner qualities of the triumphant Puritan. Will Allen Dromgoole has gladdened the world with stories fresh as the breezes that blow

us balm in summer from the pleasant hills of Tennessee; Harben and Edwards and Rives and Crim have colored literature with the richness of Southern life and scenery; Hayne and Lanier have charmed the world with melodious thought, while Stanton sings with clear and tender note the songs of nature and cheerfulness and love.

Some of the names that fill this little book are known wherever the language is spoken. To the waiting public we present these old friends throned in our family group, and against the brightening skies of our literary future, we hopefully frame these young and vigorous personalities that are moving so earnestly and wakefully to usefulness and fame.

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.



GOING TO THE FAIR.

Hitch up the ox-team, Johnny—the brindle an' the white,
An' throw some fodder in the cart, an' pile the melons right;
An' pull the biggest peaches, and then—go bresh yer hair,
An' hurry up yer mother, for we're goin' to the fair!

We've got a lot to show 'em—no matter what they say!
The finest watermelon—the biggest bale o' hay;
The sweetest country roses the south wind ever swayed—
The socks yer grandma knitted, an' the quilt yer mother made.

Tell Sue to wear her caliker—the one I bought in town;
Fetch out my linen duster, and bresh my collar down;
Make Jimmy jump into his jeans—the finest he kin wear,
An' hurry up yer mother, for we're goin' to the fair!

I wisht they had a fam'ly show, an' give a fam'ly prize;
For then I know we'd win it with the blue o' Sally's eyes;
An' Jimmy—ain't a finer boy from summer time to fall;
An' if they'd put the women up, yer mother'd beat 'em all!

So hitch the ox-team, Johnny—the brindle an' the white,
An' throw some fodder in the cart, an' pile the melons right;
An' hurry up the children, an' git yer mother's chair—
An' hurrah for a holiday!—we're goin' to the fair!

FRANK L. STANTON.



GOING TO THE FAIR.



ATLANTA'S BAPTISM OF FIRE.

The thousands of visitors from every quarter of the republic who are thronging our streets during our great Exposition, see on every side the progress, prosperity and splendor of the new Atlanta, and they look in vain for even a vestige of the historic city, whose famous siege of forty days makes one of the most thrilling chapters in the story of the war between the States.

Only a generation ago, in the summer of 'sixty-four, this stronghold of the Confederacy was a fortified camp. Every red hill was a fortress, and the circle of red ramparts around the town bristled with bayonets. A mile from this circle, surrounding the city, stood the frowning bastions and breastworks of Sherman's army, sheltering the ninety thousand men in blue, who confronted less than forty thousand Confederates.

In the besieged city, the citizens and soldiers were almost entirely cut off from the outside world, and they were fortunate when they could obtain half rations. Every day and every night, for six weeks, the rattle of musketry and the hideous noise of exploding shells made sleep impossible, while the thunderous roar of hundreds of big guns made the ground shake with all the indications of a mighty earthquake.

Within the city's walls, thirty thousand citizens pursued their various occupations. Scores of factories continued to furnish such products and supplies as were needed by the armies of the Confederacy; hundreds of stores were crowded with shoppers,

and six daily newspapers were engaged in a sharp rivalry. Atlanta then occupied a circle three miles in diameter, and as the houses off the business streets were widely scattered, the shells did less damage than might have been expected. In the course of forty days, about one hundred citizens—men, women and children—were killed, while the soldiers were slaughtered by thousands. The big shells frequently destroyed large houses, and occasionally caused disastrous fires.

Familiarity with danger makes people reckless, and in the days of the siege, women visited their neighbors as usual, and the children enjoyed their sports and games, dodging the shells, and diving down into a convenient bombproof when the fire grew too hot for them. Night after night dragged along in July and August, with the atmosphere flaming with the glare of bursting bombs. A heavy canopy of smoke hung like a pall over the town, and the movements of army wagons and troops filled the air with a thick, red dust.

Great battles were fought in every direction, and the men in the rifle pits, on the present site of the Exposition, turned Piedmont Park into a slaughter pen.

For forty days, the baptism of fire continued, and our red hills grew still redder as the conflict progressed. Then came a lull. The battle of Jonesboro was fought, and Hood's army, on the night of the 1st of September, quietly abandoned the city, blowing up all the munitions of war which they were unable to carry with them.

The next day, a blue tidal wave surged through our streets, and the victorious invaders held the town. For ten weeks, the conquerors ruled the captured city. Sherman showed the helpless people little mercy. He sent them south and north, and seized

their homes for his officers and men. Finally, in November, he started on his wonderful march to the sea. His soldiers applied the torch to every building that could be of use to the Confederates. The center of the town was turned into a wilderness of ruins, an impassable desert of ashes. Nothing was left but a circle of some four hundred dwellings outside of the burned district.

This was all that was left of the old Atlanta, and it was all that the returning exiles found when they came back to their homes, thirty years ago. This picture, broadly outlined, will give our visitors who glance over these pages some idea of the material progress of the Gate City since the dark days of the war period. Time's gentle hand has effaced the scars of the great conflict. The forts and breastworks have been leveled; fields of corn stand where the armies once confronted each other, and the roses are blooming on the old battlefields. The ruins and ashes have disappeared, and in their place the tourist sees a stately metropolis, whose domes and spires and structures of brick and marble and iron bear eloquent testimony to the pluck and energy of the people who have rebuilt Georgia's capital.

The city of the siege is a thing of the past, but its heroic memories will endure forever. In its place stands the metropolis of the New South, and side by side the blue and the gray are working out their destiny, with simple faith and loyal hearts.

Hand in hand they are solving their new problems and mastering their new conditions, and one spirit animates all classes—the spirit of the immortal Grady, who lived and died, literally “loving a nation into peace!”

WALLACE PUTNAM REED.



MADCAP AND DEMON.

Autumn the staid has a comrade wild,—
The Wind, with the pranks of a playful child,—
Who whistles a tune to the harvest sheaves,
And romps with the scarlet and golden leaves.

But, alas! for him. In the march of time
He leagues his innocent mirth with crime,—
And barter the birthright of boyish glee
For a Dance of Death o'er the winter sea.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.



WOMEN IN THE PROFESSIONS.

We have all been "born again," we women of to-day, and we have been born into a time and a condition and a country where for the first time in the history of the human race, "men our brothers, men the workers," are ready and willing and able to stand beside us and say to us: "Push at the door of opportunity! Push hard and well and then if it does not yield to your strength, tell us and we will help you. But push first, and appeal to us afterward. If your own new-found powers are not equal to the task, we are mistaken. We will stand beside you, but you must make your own path."

And we are making it.

In the business world, in the professions, in literature, in art, in science we are coming in a steady army and the door is swinging wider and wider on its hinges. It will never be closed again. What we have now to do is to be well prepared to take a dignified and useful place in the great and splendid Hall of Opportunity.

Whatever woman's work is she must be thorough in her preparation for it and know absolutely where each line she draws is to lead to and where it started from. Patchwork in life, like patchwork with the needle, has been superseded.

A woman cannot make a good doctor, a good lawyer, a good journalist, a good preacher, a good novelist, a good artist, or a great musician unless she knows and can weigh in a rational manner the meanings of life—unless behind her science, her art,

her labor or her philosophy there is a comprehension born of a solid grasp upon the real meanings of life—its relations, its proportions.

Knowledge is, indeed, power; and ignorance is ever and always the twin brother of vice. Therefore, no matter what profession falls to the lot of or is chosen by a woman, the first, the most important, the absolutely vital need for her is a broad, solid, true and comprehensive grasp upon the facts of life as life is to-day and as it has been in the past. This alone will enable her to lay a firm foundation for the future.

I think this statement will be accepted as almost a truism when it is applied to what is generally called the professions. But, strange to say, there is one profession for which it is always claimed that a true and firm and comprehensive sense of the proportions in life is not at all necessary to fit the applicant for a diploma—the profession of motherhood.

And yet it is true—and it is easy of proof, if one has the least knowledge of biology or heredity—that there is no occupation, no art, no profession on the earth in which ignorance of the true relations of things can and does work such lasting and such terrible disaster to the race as has been done and is constantly being done right there.

Ignorant and undeveloped motherhood has been and is a terrible curse to the race.

An incompetent woman artist is merely a pathetic failure;

A superficial woman lawyer simply goes clientless;

A trivial woman doctor may get a chance to kill one or two patients, but her career of harm will be brief;

A shallow or lazy woman journalist will be crowded out and back by the bright and industrious fellows who are her competitors;

But, a superficial, shallow, incompetent, trivial mother has left a heritage to the world which can and does poison the stream of life as it flows on and on in an eternally widening circle of pain or disease or insanity or crime.

In every other profession which woman has entered, she has been better fitted for her work before she took her degree, than for the one which is held to be her especial province. Why? Simply because up to the present time it has been maintained that a pretty and childish ignorance of the real and true values and relations of life, combined with a fine pair of eyes and a compliant manner, entitled any woman to a diploma in her "sphere" of maternity, while if she undertook to fit herself for any other career she has had to measure life, not with a painted toy mentality, but with the logically trained intellect which must compete with her brothers, the established workers of the world, or else she must go to the wall where her incompetence thrusts her.

It would be well, for the sake of the race, if she could be subject to such competition in maternity. And did it ever occur to you that her children are subject to it, and that the vast spread of incompetence in the world—the universality of incompetence to cope with conditions—has a legitimate basis?

No woman is fit to bring up the administrators of a republic, who is not herself familiar with the fundamental principles upon which that republic is based; for it is a well-known fact, exceptions and geniuses being allowed for, that the trend, the bias, the color of the mentality of a man, is fixed upon him in his earliest years—in the years when his mother is his nearest and most influential teacher. His sense of justice and of fairness is warped or developed then. His possibilities are born of her capacity, and his development depends largely upon her training.

What profession in the world, then, needs so wide an outlook, so perfect a poise, so fine an individual development, such breadth and scope, such depth of comprehension, such fullness of philosophy as does the lightly considered profession of motherhood?

Lightly considered, I mean, in the sense that it has been and is held by so many that it does no especial harm to have the mothers of the race distinctly lower in development, in mentality in individuality, in poise, in grasp, in education, than any other class of men or women.

It is getting to be pretty generally looked upon as the special province of the less highly endowed or the less thoroughly trained residuum to become the progenitors of the coming generation. The theory seems to be about this: If you have a daughter who is too silly or weak-minded or unambitious to become a unit in the march of progress and civilization; if she is incompetent to be sent through a solid training of school or college and fit herself for some possible or probable career as minister, doctor, designer, lawyer, journalist or what not, marry her to somebody and let him carry the load of her uninspiring presence while he lives and let the race bear the burden of her infirmities and ignorance unto the third and fourth generation of them that loved her.

The fact is, as over against that theory, that if you have a daughter who is finer and truer, more capable and noble, more intellectual and able than the rest, she is the one whose education and development as an individual should be carried to its highest reach, not simply because she is to be a writer or speaker or teacher, for which she may be primarily fitting herself as her trend may be, but because in the ultimate analysis it may also be her pleasure and province to be the wife and mother in a real and true and inspiring home life where her ever new and stimulating com-

radeship for husband and children makes of her mind, a beacon light, and of her poised and self-disciplined disposition, a guide and an inspiration; where she will be loved and revered, not only because she is loving and good, but because she is also wise and able and broad enough to lead, instead of being blind to the very pitfalls in the pathway of her sons and daughters.

When our republic has such mothers as that, the question of women in the other professions will have adjusted itself. When woman is developed and free to choose, capacity will find its level and its outlet. Ignorance will cease to be looked upon as beautiful in either sex, and men and women will, for the first time, clasp hands and try conclusions with a frankness and a generosity and a comradeship which will be a real inspiration and joy to both.

There is a Japanese legend which says that when Japan was first created, a man and a woman were placed upon the island and told that they must travel in silence and in opposite directions around the entire country, thinking what was best and wisest and truest in life, until they should meet again at the same place. They did so, and when they met, the man looked up and in great joy spoke first; but, as the quaint legend puts it, "there was an impediment, and they could not marry," but were told to make the same journey again, and think more deeply. They did so, and this time the woman saw him first and cried out with pleasure after the long silence. "But there was still an impediment," and a third time they made the long journey, and when they met, each looked up with solemn and radiant joy, and spoke together, and from that time there was "nothing between their lives, but they were truly mated forever."

That exquisite little legend from the far east holds within it a quaint and a true bit of philosophy—a bit of philosophy to which our western world is but just now awakening—a bit of philosophy which is back of all questions of “Woman (or of Man) in the Professions.”

HELEN H. GARDENER.



FRIENDSHIPS BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

French novelists declare there can be no such thing as a pure friendship between a young man and a married woman. Certainly, their *risque* novels have helped to increase the number of flirting matrons and men of frivolous gallantry, who sneer at marriage and rate women cheaply. They have lessened the possibility of what has been a pure and helpful feature in many good and some eminent lives in the past,—friendship between men and women.

The lives of many distinguished and beautiful women offer instances of matrons who have made themselves centers of an homage at once ardent and respectful. A married woman's position allows her a freedom of speech and manner, which, when tempered with modesty, is eminently winning. She can enter with sympathy into the feelings and aspirations of a young man, win his confidence and shape his moral ideas.

She destroys this prospect of ennobling influence the moment she stoops to flirtation. She steps down from the goddess pedestal. She turns the loyal adherence of her girl friends into rivalry and suspicion. She barter the frank homage of her male admirers for the flippant, feverish adulation of the flirtee—a barren waste of passion that can have no honest end and produce no honest happiness.

MARY E. BRYAN.

WHEN JOSIAH PLAYS THE FIDDLE.

Y' may talk about y' orchestras, y' operas, 'n' sich,
Where th' aint no tune ter nothin' 'n' the folks jist howl 'n'
 screech;
Where th' make sich fuss 'n' racket y' caint hear y' own self
 sneeze,
With the tootin' o' the instruments 'n' bangin' o' the keys;
But with all ther fancy music, we kin beat 'em any day,
When Josiah plays the fiddle 'n' I sing "Nelly Gray."

Why y' ought ter see Josiah when he takes his fiddle down!
Y'd fergit his face is wrinkled 'n' his fingers stiff 'n' brown;
Y'd fergit he's nigh ter eighty 'n' his hair 's white 's snow,
Fer he plays jist lak he used ter, more 'n fifty years ago.
Es fer me—well—I don't sing much, but I sorter hums away,
When Josiah plays the fiddle 'n' I sing "Nelly Gray."

It aint none o' these here new songs, but its one that kinder
 clings,
With its simple words 'n' music, round y' very heart, 'n' brings
Back the mem'ry o' the old times 'n' the old plantation life,
When the darkies used ter sing it, 'fore they knew of hate 'n'
 strife;
'N' it makes y' feel so restful, though them times are far away,
When Josiah plays the fiddle 'n' I sing "Nelly Gray."



WHEN JOSIAH PLAYED THE FIDDLE.

Sometimes when we're both a-sittin' by the kitchen fire at night,
 'N' we gits ter seein' pictures where the coals are glowin' bright;
 When I see the wrinkles deepen 'round Josiah's mouth 'n' eye,
 'N' I know what he's a-thinkin' 'n' he knows what makes me sigh,
 Then I says "Let's have some music: it'll help us ter feel gay;"
 So Josiah plays the fiddle 'n' I sing "Nelly Gray."

I remember when our Mary, with the curlin' golden hair,
 Was laid beneath the flowers in the churchyard over there;
 When our hearts was almost breakin'—though we knew it was a
 sin,
 Grievin' fer the sound o' footsteps 'at we'd never hear agin;
 When our tears was fastest fallin', yet we'd wipe 'em quick away,
 'N'—Josiah 'd play the fiddle—'n' I'd sing "Nelly Gray."

'N' when Robert—he's our eldest—when he ran away ter sea,
 'N' left not a single word o' love ter father er ter me;
 When the years passed on unheeded 'n' we got no news of him;
 When we was so tired o' watchin' 'n' our eyes was gettin' dim;
 When our hearts was overburdened 'til we felt we couldn't pray—
 Then—Josiah 'd play the fiddle 'n' I'd sing "Nelly Gray."

'N' its allus helped us so much, though you might not think it
 would;
 Fer it teaches us a patience 'at no lesson ever could.
 'N' es one by one friends leave us, yet we know that it is best,
 'N' the time aint long a-comin' when we, too, shall go ter rest.
 'N' es death's dark shadows gather, closin' 'round our life's
 pathway,
 Then—Josiah 'll play the fiddle 'n' I'll sing "Nelly Gray."

JULIA T. RIORDAN.

A MELODIOUS MIMIC.

THE FEATHERED SHAKESPEARE OF THE SOUTHERN WOODS.

I am not disposed to confess that the mocking bird, whose curiously delightful performances have suggested these random notes, is in any respect an exceptional representative of his species. I am writing about him in self-defense and by way of retaliation. I have a distinct impression that he made me the subject of serious contemplation and ultimate criticism long before my interest in his performances was specially aroused. We are the joint occupants of a suburban garden, and, thus far, no trouble has arisen between us; but I am convinced that the bird's title is better than mine. I make the admission the more freely since I have reason to believe he has a fine scorn for such procedures as result in writs of ejectment. He has a habit of steadying himself, using his long tail as a balancing pole, upon the swaying top of a young cedar, near the veranda, and from that point of view examining me with critical eyes. Occasionally, at the remembrance of some grievance, doubtless, his headfeathers will become ruffled, and, at such times, his attitude is strikingly belligerent; but it is only for a moment. He recovers his serenity immediately, and continues his investigations with the generous impartiality so becoming to an earnest seeker after knowledge. I would like to know what his conclusions are—principally because they are unbiased. I am not prepared to say that his opinions are of no importance. His examination, which has been carried on at intervals the whole season through, has been marked by too many symptoms of

acute intelligence not to be worthy of consideration. I would rather, for instance, merit the approbation of this impartially critical bird, than earn the effusive praise of my neighbor, who sends over to borrow a basket of grapes, in order to have the pleasure of inquiring after my health. Am I unjust to my neighbor in this? I think not. In the first place, my neighbor lacks the gift of song. I have heard him try to exercise this lack, and I speak from the fulness of dearly-bought knowledge. In the second place if the bird has formed an unfavorable opinion, as he probably has (his judgment not being confused by the various interpretations of the moral code that are made to fit individual, and even national notions and characteristics), he judiciously keeps it to himself. Under similar circumstances, I am not by any means sure, my neighbor would be as generously reserved.

It is not improbable that the mocking bird, upon whose preserves I have been trespassing for a year or more, may carry his critical investigation far beyond the limits of true politeness. I should certainly resent—mentally, at least—such persistent and studied observation on the part of the neighbor who borrows grapes. But, somehow, there seems to be a certain subtle flattery in the attitude of the bird, which is ample compensation for whatever blushes he may put me to. Moreover, there is that larger compensation which he gives in song, for, almost invariably, when he has seemed to satisfy himself that I have made no perceptible advance in the direction of that high civilization of which he is the type, he assumes an attitude of rapturous repose, and, forthwith, improvises a most entrancing concert, providing, with indescribable art, numberless arias and choruses, to say nothing of the refrains, trills, and exquisite little passages that flutter and fall from the body of the song in most surprising pro-

fusion. This, I beg the reader to believe, is not the language of eulogy, but of observation—albeit, no language is capable of giving more than a faint idea of the infinite variety and sweetness of the mocking bird's song.

Not infrequently he will go galloping through the mazes of his mimicry, as if to show that his memory is as nimble and as perfect as his technical skill. At other times, he will pursue his song through a variety of pauses, more or less tantalizing, with the lazy indifference of a master who is seemingly careless because he knows his art so thoroughly. Occasionally, in the midst of a brilliant overture, he will suddenly mount straight into the air, turn a complete somersault, and drop back upon his perch, without pausing in his song. When this occurs, the practical observer knows that some golden-winged bug has been swept into this small whirlpool of music. At other times, he will shift his position from the cedar to the poplar, then to the china tree, and thence to the chimney-top. If the season be spring, nothing seems to delight him more than to fly lazily over the pink-and-white expanse of orchard blooms, singing as he goes. If the season be early summer, the observer will be astonished to see the bird drop from his musical heights to the warm grass beneath, and run daintily along, pausing occasionally to spread his wings and fold them again. If you are unable to account for this singular performance, some convenient Uncle Remus will tell you that the bird is engaged in "skeerin' up grass'oppers," a statement that is at least plausible. I am disposed to believe, however, that this manoeuvre is one of the various symptoms of the bird's honeymoon, and that, as such, it ought to commend him to the respectful consideration, if not the sympathies, of the general public.

There are occasions when the genuine humor of the mocking bird is a source of wonder as well as delight. To-day, he will go through his performances with great sobriety and discretion; to-morrow, he will return to his orchestra chair, apparently in a state of great excitement, which finds expression in sudden quirks of the body, and unexpected movements of the tail. Every motion seems to say: "Yesterday was a comparatively dull day with me. I feel better now, and I think we ought to have some fun." With that, he will fall to, and, with surprising rapidity and effectiveness, reproduce the characteristic notes of the hundred and one little warblers and whistlers that flit and hide in the thickets and swamps—some of them no bigger than your thumb.

There is practically no limit to the variety of the mocking bird's song. Its range seems to be boundless. He is the Shakespeare of birds; he not only sounds every note that is heard in the woods, but what he appropriates he improves upon. He gives new meaning to the stutter of the summer redbird, and adds new melody to the plaintive note of the wood robin. His wonderful faculty of interpretation invests the whistle of the blackbird with a certain indescribable pathos that cannot, by any effort of the imagination, be traced to the blackbird itself. How infectious the incongruity which accompanies his reproduction of the spring note of the blue jay! This note is not the coarse call commonly associated with the jay, and from which the bird derives its name. It is a comical, but not unmusical sound, suggestive of an attempt to swallow or smother a shrill whistle, and is accompanied by a series of unexpectedly emphatic bows. These bows the mocking bird makes no attempt to imitate, for he is not the foolish jester the thoughtless poets would

make him out to be. He reproduces the note with surprising vivacity and distinctness, and I am perfectly willing to admit that the contrast between his polished style and the curious evolutions of the blue jay is not altogether free from a suggestion of rather broad humor. At the same time, I contend that it is real humor, and not buffoonery. Running through and through his song, and blending curiously with whatever antics he may choose to perform—and some of them are surprising enough—such contrasts and incongruities as this become identified with the bird itself, investing him with a flavor of real humor that never ceases to be delightful.

It is a mistake to suppose that the mocking bird has no notes of his own, albeit he is somewhat capricious in using them. At night, and on rare occasions in the daytime, they serve as little interludes to the wonderful mimicry with which he fills the air. They come in the pauses and transitions of this woodland Shakespeare's vocal verse. Beginning with the rarely-heard note of the joree—a swamp-bird of lonely and peculiar habits—he will reproduce with bewildering rapidity the cry of the catbird, the whistle of the flycatcher, the warble of the oriole, the challenge of the kingbird, and the call of the killdeer temporarily closing the concert with an imitation of his own nestlings. There is no haste in the performance, and no part of it is slurred over. Most frequently it proceeds in a leisurely way calculated to tantalize the enthusiastic listener. Each note is distinct, and each is invested with some occult quality of attractiveness it never possessed before. If all this mimicry is mechanical and unconscious, how does it happen that the mocking bird never reproduces his own note of distress? I have listened for this early and late, but always in vain. He gives his note of warning and alarm, but

not his note of distress. The latter is never heard until all attempts to drive intruders away from his nest have failed. It is a note difficult to describe, but if a low whistling sound be given to the first two syllables of "durivage," something remotely resembling the bird's note of distress will be the result. Its tone is subdued and mournful, and it is impossible to conceive of any other sound in bird-language that so nearly compels a pathetic interpretation.

I am inclined to believe that the autumn performances of the mocking bird are more picturesque than his spring concerts, particularly if the season, as frequently happens at the South, has a hint of spring, as well as a touch of summer, combined with the mellow maturity of the fall. His restlessness is the refinement of the humor which we see crudely and coarsely developed in the antics of the circus clown who runs around doing everything, and yet doing nothing. He flies from tree to tree, singing little snatches of song, delightful reminders of the moods of spring. He makes little excursions in the air in all directions, and, returning, drops upon the burnt-out grass on the terraces, whereon he runs nimbly, lifting now and again his white-flecked wings, as if to mock the memory of his April ardors. Growing more composed as the afternoon wanes, he resumes his position in the top of the poplar, a point of view from which he can safely witness the development of events. Sometimes the vagrant wind, appreciating his mood, will send a flake of thistle-down up to him. Perhaps he recognizes the messenger and understands the message. Springing into the air, and poising gracefully for a moment, he will seize the thistle-down and bear it away to his perch, where he sits and swings with a curious air of demureness. Presently, he tosses the thistle-down thoughtfully aside, watching it

attentively, as it slowly sails away. Then, when it has become a mere ghost of a speck in the sky, he will flutter after it, pursuing it with song and wing across the orchards and over the fields.

There are nights and nights. That is to say, there are nights when the mocking bird sings, and nights when he is silent. These are his singular advantages; the night, as well as the day, is all his own, and he sings only when the mood is upon him. Such privileges as these are inestimable. Of the twenty-four hours, gentle reader, how few are your own! You must sleep, you must eat, you must work, you must calculate and contrive, and you must make all the alarming sacrifices that society demands. You cannot be said to have the evening for your own, for the probability is that the young ladies of the neighborhood bang their pianos as vigorously as they do their hair; and even if there is no chorus of pianos, you will doubtless hear your neighbor across the way drag his chair from the supper-table to the piazza, and your sense of freedom and possession (which the male and female hysterians call loneliness) is seriously embarrassed. The most offensive trespassers are those who never set foot on your domain, and you feel that your neighbor is trampling upon your rights. The screen of morning-glory vines, the hedge of roses and the stone wall between you, do not serve to render his presence less aggressive. Or, perhaps, the moon shines forth as a disturber of the peace. It is true, the moon is a famous affair with the poets, but, after pleading to all their allegations, the fact remains that there is nothing like the moon for destroying the wonderful perspective that lies between the mind of the thoughtful man and the vast, deep silences of the night. It is only when the fatigued pianos are closed (with a bang), when your neighbor has dragged his chair and himself to bed, when all the lights are out, when

the darkness seems to absorb and appropriate all things, that you stand, face to face, with the invisible, mysterious forces of nature. What is it that comes out of the far woods, and takes possession of the garden? What is it that accompanies the vast pulsations of silence that rise and fall with the wind? What is this vague, incomprehensible presence that seems to stand by your side and fill all the earth with new and thrilling mystery? Nothing fits the mood and the hour as completely as the penetrating voice of the mocking bird. Without warning, he will break forth from the cedar bush, and repeat his melodious dreams to the spirit of the darkness. Whether the song be loud and persistent, or subdued and fragmentary, it leaves one imbued with that feeling of delicious restfulness which impels a little child, in the middle watches of the night, to lift its face, kiss its mother, and sink back to slumber.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.



"THE PATHOS OF OUR DESTINY."

Somewhere I heard a-sudden, like a cry,
These mournful words, "The pathos of our destiny."
Ah! why, Great Force, is all this agony and smart,
Why was our little world so set apart,
For all this heartbreak, separation, woe,
Why are we crucified and scourged so?
This earth is fair and sweet; no planet seen or yet unseen
Can match the splendor of its glory and its bloom;
What does the radiant picture with all its beauty mean?
A smile—a burst of tears—and then—the tomb—
The tomb that opens or that shuts, who knows
Whether it puts an end to all, or does uncloze?
All that we know, or feel, or think, is this:
Life is a smile, a word, a tear, a kiss,
And a vast, awful yearning for some final bliss.
Ah! must this "pathos of our destiny" forever be
A cruel, measureless and speechless mystery?

MEL R. COLQUITT.



MY JOSEPHINE.

There was a France, there was a queen,
There was another Josephine,
Whose gentle love and tender art,
Subdued Napoleon's soldier heart.

But she of France was ne'er I ween,
Fairer than thou—My Josephine;
To storm thy heart I'll boldly plan,
God! if I were the Corsican.

ROBT. LOVEMAN.

GENIUS.

Genius, like a caged eagle, beats his wings
Against the bars of Fate, in dumb despair;
Yearning to breathe his native upper air,
And quench his thirst at the Pierian springs;
But, vilely mated with earth's baser things,
Forced his celestial birthright to forswear,
He must abide his doom, endure, forbear,
Till Death appears and ends his sufferings;
Yet, O thou martyred Genius! chained, confined,
Beating thy wings in vain against the bars,
Think of the heavenly heritage still thine—
As sovereign ruler over soul and mind,
And heir-apparent of the eternal stars,
How glorious is thy state, and how divine!

CHARLES W. HUBNER.

IN SOUTHERN HOMES.

(SELECTED.)

The early springtime brings, through the broad stretches of country under Southern skies, a stir and penetration into what Carlyle strongly calls "the open secret," that great deep heart of nature which shows itself to the "seeing eye" in a thousand wonderful revelations, and throbs, for those who keep the hand close in hers, with pulsations of full and varied meaning. Every ten days or so there comes a sweep of blizzard breath from the sister states of the Northwest, bearing a message of winter still, of ice and snow, huddling cattle and storm-pressed travelers; but in this sunlit land the calendar of the year has begun anew. One walks at noon or at sunset with the swing of green alder tassels along the roadways, the waving of maple blossoms high in air, the bursting of redbuds, the swell of lithe willow twigs, and the tangle of yellow jasmine flung from tree to tree in the fragrant woods.

The fields and their dusky laborers have been taking things easily since the Christmas-time, the latter claiming the full privileges of freedom. No right-minded son of Africa on a Southern plantation would deign to take even a look towards the shovel and the plough until every cent of last year's money was spent.

"What's de use er workin' all de year ef yer don't take nary hol'day on yer money?"

With the flush of life on the hillsides, while the fields are dun and brown and still unfurrowed, the shooting season reaches its height, and in every country home which is not bereft and moss-grown there is a grand house party. All the men who are asked will come quickly enough in response to the invitation for a "dove-hunt." It means to the ladies of the family, and the maidens who come from the city to swell the circle, a good deal more in effort than the sport itself, for the *menu* and the entertainment is by no means limited to bird pie, though by courtesy that is the proper and prominent dish. There are drives and walks and interchange of dinners; evening card parties, *tele-a-teles*, moonlight promenades on the long piazza or under the shining leaves of the wild olive hedges along the avenue. The daintiest of morning and afternoon gowns are taken from the recesses of the old mahogany armoire, and worn with a recklessness of rough usage found only with youth and in the country. Love and flirtation come with the house party. A particular field has been baited for weeks by a daily scattering of wheat and oats; the birds soon find it out, and come by hundreds for the picking. The shooting-time is after four in the afternoon, and as early as the dawn, if possible, in the morning. A number of small-sized darkies and a company of dogs are a necessary part of the sportsman's retainers. A well-trained pointer, like old Blanche, who carries her mark of honorable service in a load of shot in a drooping left shoulder, will flush a covey of partridges from the low grass, or send up a whirl of doves from a field of broom-sedge, with as much skill and reserve power as a detective whose man flies with a breath. A moment later, when the discharge has come, with all her followers she bounds over the fields, and the birds are brought back without a single missing one, and laid

at the sportsman's feet. The record frequently runs into the hundreds when the meet is good. Each man keeps his own score with great pride. To bring down a white dove means a tribute of two birds from each hunter. This free, open country life at the South, or indeed anywhere, as it rolls through the procession of the year, is all-fascinating in the extreme to those who recognize the kinship it establishes with life and nature. The sweep and moan of winter winds through the tall pines, the overarching blue, the gray of leafless trees, the glistening of green things in the spring sunlight, the echo of the guns, the bark of the jubilant dogs, the songs of the hunters returning through the dusk, the burning of logs, the break-up of hillside and valley in deep, rich furrows—all these Millet touches crowd the thought as one turns the face towards the cities, and there is an impulse to call afar to those who sit at the wheel and turn, whether it be by fashion's or fate's command: "Good friends, at some happy pause-time in the year, try to get close to Mother Nature, on whose bosom you are to rest at last. Feel the serenity of her great strength, the inspiration of her purity, creep over and calm your spirit and your senses." The colored brother's philosophy is not so bad, after all: "What's the use?" Wear the old hat, the old gown, the old boots; lose a few dollars in the strife, if it must be; but once through the year, if it be possible, stand next to God and the better self.

In the growing towns of the South which lie on the through routes and lines of travel there is an ambitious character of fashion and style in proportionate degree to the large cities with which they are closely connected. The latest ideas are attempted in public buildings, business and homes, and in the lay-out of social forms and matters. One has frequently the same feeling

as in going from Paris to Brussels, or in reversing the opera glass. The old towns, however, that are somewhat out at elbow have still a dignity and repose which, in spite of the edging and pushing of a commercial spirit that will inevitably put them in the line of traffic at last, invests them with an atmosphere of serenity, of graciousness and courtesy, that impresses like the calm, quiet smile of a silver-haired hostess. The broad streets, some a hundred or more feet wide, with a boulevard of live oaks through the centre; the old churches of red brick, green yards, and stately trees around; the old colonial houses, separated perhaps from a new Queen Anne neighbor by a garden of roses and violets, and scarlet and purple verbena beds; the low gateways, neat white walks, and encircling piazzas everywhere—all these old landmarks and plantings hold their own, and shed their influence in the face of electric lights and street railways.

The women of the South are yet in that transition stage which must come between earnest inquiry and interest and the full acceptance of the new methods and opportunities for women. They are naturally anxious to know of their increased privileges, and to see the open doors, but there is no aggressiveness. On the contrary, the typical Southern woman, though active and capable, always prefers to feel and to have the world believe that the men of the family are the leaders, fully able to take care of all affairs save those in the home. She may in truth work herself to death, and take all sorts of shifts and turns in private, but this is her creed, inherited from grandmothers' grandmothers of the long ago. She believes, as old Uncle Harvey on the plantation puts it, "De head ur de fambly ought ter allus hab *some* money in his pocket."

The progress of development in the woman's world therefore lies much in social lines—literary clubs, art clubs, afternoon teas, etc. No explosive questions are proposed; the trend of thought follows a mental current with no underflow of reform in any way; questions of art, of literature, of travel, are all discussed at the delightful afternoon fortnightlies, held in the different parlors, with astonishing clearness and closeness. One might venture to say that the greatest readers and deepest students are usually found among women away from the centres. They get from reading what their sisters in the whirl gain by absorption.

In the lack of caterer or pastry cook, the Southern woman must be able, though, not only to write and present her paper on Michael Angelo or Ibsen, but she must also have, in advance, mixed her salads and prepared the ices and sherbets, to say nothing of the charlotte russe and cakes, that are to follow the feast of reason on the club's "open days." If her knowledge or management fall short here, that part of her entertainment, under the regime of the new "freedom" servants, will certainly be a failure.

An afternoon tea in the old Southern home, usually situated a little on the outskirts of the town, has a character all its own. There is not a thought of closed windows or gaslight. Parlors, hallway, guest-chamber, all have an air of openness and welcome entirely free from reserve or formality. If cordiality of manner is now the fashion, it has always had its home with a Southern hostess, who is willing to give herself and her personal service to her friends. But then she has not such a long list, and in the old-time parlors, where three or four generations look down from the walls, the gentlewomen gathered together know each

other well, and there is no bridge of "making acquaintance" to be crossed. The decorations of rooms and table in Southern entertainments are of necessity the result of home materials and home taste. The long gray moss, the bamboo vine, palms, and palmettoes, conservatory and garden flowers in season, are arranged uniquely and profusely—the first always over archways, doorways, and pictures. A thin curtain of drooping asparagus branches, arranged as smilax at the North, is sometimes hung as a filmy veil of green mist with beautiful effect in front of the long mirror or pier glass. Clusters of tropical fruits—bananas, pineapples, oranges—and bunches of early strawberries with leaves and white blossoms, rest on a bed of green banked along the mantel. At a "pink literature" tea the flowers were roses in profusion, supplemented by tall vases of the stately plume-shaped blossoms of the exquisite crape-myrtle, known only at the South, and all quivering and a-tremble in its delicacy. The tint of pink runs through the *menu*, from the frosting of the almond cake to the coloring of the cream. The snowy cloth of the centre table is looped at one corner with a full bow of wide pink satin ribbon with pendent ends. Small tables about and around and by the open windows give coziness to the quartettes, and one sips the coffee or tea or chocolate, with its touch of whipped cream, served from an old silver service, of which the coffee-urn in its antique shape reminds one of a Russian samovar. To have and to hold these old heirlooms, to gather one's friends and make an extra effort to serve them as of old, is a kind of *noblesse oblige* with a Southern woman, even where the tide of fortune is hopelessly gone from her threshold. The spirit of ancestry dies hard, if ever.

The Southern tea closes with the garden stroll, an *al fresco* symposium, with no need of wrap or protecting veil. Under the waning sunlight the guests ramble to the trellised summerhouse or grape arbors, plucking souvenir bits of sweet-scented vanilla grass or white jasmine, until the bells in the town ring the close of the day, and then one after another the carriages roll down the broad drive.

EMMA MOFFETT TYNG.



MY MOTHER'S OLD STEEL THIMBLE.

I've been rummaging a casket, filled with relics of the past,
And I turned them idly, one by one, until I found at last,
Wrapped in a piece of homespun and laid away with care,
The dingy old steel thimble that my mother used to wear.

Oh! what a flood of memory sweeps in upon my soul,
As the coarse and faded covering I carefully unroll,
Till dim with dust of useless years, I see before me there,
The battered old steel thimble that my mother used to wear.

Rough with the toil of mother-love, in cheerless days of yore,
It was the only ornament those dear hands ever wore,
And I tenderly caress it as a treasure rich and rare,
This precious old steel thimble that my mother used to wear.

Companion of her widowhood, her faithful friend for years,
Made sacred by her patient toil and sanctified by tears;
No costly gem that sparkles on the hand of lady fair,
Can match the old steel thimble that my mother used to wear.

In a quiet little churchyard she has slumbered many a year,
Yet in this holy hour I seem to feel her presence near,
And hear her benediction as I bow in grateful prayer,
And kiss the old steel thimble that my mother used to wear.

The memory of that mother's love shall be a beacon light,
To guide my wayward footsteps in the path of truth and right,
And the key that opens Heaven's door, if e'er I enter there,
Will be the old steel thimble that my mother used to wear.

LUCIUS PERRY HILLS.

THE PRACTICAL AND THE POETIC.

Not many truths so useful offer themselves for recognition by all mankind as that there is no conflict or incompatibility between the practical and the poetic. Devotion to the one involves no infidelity to the other. Indeed, the accurate adjustment of our lives, thoughts and feelings to either, requires a like adjustment to both. To be wholly practical, or wholly poetic, is a defect in character. How to be each in due season and degree is one of the most delicate problems we have to solve. In proportion as we cultivate the practical, we are prone to become indifferent to the poetic; and in proportion as we indulge or yield to the poetic, we are prone to neglect the practical. The dealer in fruit cares too little for flowers, and the dealer in flowers regards fruit as secondary and subordinate. Nature makes no such mistake. She produces both on the same tree, and cherishes each in its fit time and proper relation.

We should imitate nature in breadth, bounty and variety. We should not be altogether tropical, nor altogether temperate, nor altogether frigid. Each one of us should represent all the zones, not a single zone.

The way to do this is to guard against narrowness and exclusiveness. We should give all our faculties and sympathies occupation and exercise; feed and nourish them all, not starve some and unduly pamper the others.

Some persons have a coarse contempt for the poetic, and others have a refined contempt for the practical. Both classes of

these antipodal characters are wont to vaunt their contempt, and make a boast of the same. Alas, alas, that we should ever be proud of our own narrowness and incompleteness—that we should rejoice because we are mutilated and dismembered!

Let us endeavor to be neither over-practical nor under-practical, neither too poetic, nor deficient in the poetic, but to establish and maintain in ourselves the right rhythm of both, and a true harmony between them.

There is no good reason why the finest lady in the land should not be equally excellent in broiling a beefsteak and in writing a sonnet. If any lady will do both daily, she will find pleasure in both occupations.

The poet laureate might be the queen's head cook without compromising his real dignity or impairing his æsthetic efficiency.

We have the same product if we idealize the material, or materialize the ideal.

The great desideratum is a consistent blending of the two elements in one and the same personality.

LOGAN E. BLECKLEY.



CHRISTMAS DAY IN SOUTHERN GEORGIA.

A cloudless sky above a white, sandy soil. At small intervals the surface of this porous earth is broken by pine trees which rise slender, straight and tall, seemingly proud of their strength and growth. Their glistening, green fibers form the strings to a thousand harps that, *Æolian*-like, catch the soft zephyrs which thus murmur a song, so sad and gentle that its tones fall upon the ear of the listener like the sound of summer rain upon a new-made grave.

Christmas day! The glorious wealth of sunbeams laugh and dance and quiver among the shadows. They rejoice at their easy task! All nature within their reach is kept astir by their warmth, while in the far north their brother sunbeams in vain try to reach the buds and blossoms buried in their brown, leafy bed, beneath the sheets of snow and ice.

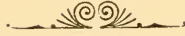
A buggy comes lazily crunching over the sandy road. A maiden with face aglow from youth and hope looks out upon the scene before her, and utters gladsomely the cry, "Oh, life is full of joy and beauty!" Her lover, at her side, smiling down at her eager, upturned face, echoes in his heart her earnest words.

A bird sings a joyous carol, and blended with it rises another melody as sweet as it is different. A darky lad with bare, dusty feet sits on a charred stump, hugging to his breast his greatest treasure—an old banjo. His fingers fondly touch the strings. His face is a picture of artless happiness. His eyes half close in satisfaction, while a double row of gleaming white ivory stands wide apart, the gateway of the song which comes forth, untutored, but melodious, to mingle with that of the bird. Two Christmas carols from two happy hearts in sunny Southern Georgia.

GERTRUDE ELOISE BEALER.



CHRISTMAS DAY IN SOUTHERN GEORGIA.



DURANTE VITA.

He did not find his path in life
With roses strewn;
Nor were the bells of his heart-hopes
In sweet attune.

But in the night's environment
Was Love, and God,
And truth, with Faith's white star above
The chastening rod!

LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.



JACOB LADD'S CHANGE OF HEART.

The cats, the dogs, the cattle and the chickens instinctively shunned Farmer Jacob Ladd. He was harsh with his hard-working wife, had been unkind to his only son, and a bitter, unreasoning hatred rankled in his heart against many men.

His wife, a gentle and timid woman, was beloved by people who feared and hated her husband.

In the little shed-room, back of the room where her husband sat in the doorway, she was busily at work mending a quilt. Another woman was in the room—a neighbor who, for the sake of seeing Mrs. Ladd, had braved the chance of encountering Jacob.

Mrs. Ladd paused in her work, and said with a sigh:

“Did yersee ther pore critter, Mis’ Lindsey? They passed right along by our gate. I tried to keep from lookin’ at ’im ’ca’s’e I couldn’t bear to see his sufferin’. The idea o’ Poke Baker, if he is a sheriff, drivin’ a pore boy ’long the big road, jest as if he was a yearlin’ calf, ’fore he’s been proved guilty o’ the murder! It’s a shame!”

“Yes,” the other admitted, “they ought to treat ’im human; but I reckon the’s no doubt under the sun ’at he killed Squire Broadenax. He laid all night close by the Broadenaxes’, an’ when they cotch ’im in Spring Place he had two hundred dollars in ’is pocket. I reckon he did the killin’; fer how could a pore tramp like ’im, ’thout a whole rag to ’is back, have so much money?”

Mrs. Ladd sighed again, and her motherly face grew more serious. She let the quilt glide to the floor.

"It looks mighty bad," she said. "They'll likely find 'im guilty an' hang 'im for it, pore boy! He passed as nigh to me as that bedpost, an' it made me think o' my Tobe. Who knows whar on earth my boy is to-day? I haint hardly been able to close my eyes for the last month, for thinkin' about 'im. I'm afeared he's dead; Texas is mighty onhealthy."

"I haint had a letter from him in more than two months," she went on presently. "It's been two year sence he let his father's hoss drown, and Jacob driv' 'im off."

She told again the sad story, familiar to her guest; how Tobe had driven the horse into the river, ignorant that the water had risen; how the animal had become entangled in the harness, and had drowned in spite of the boy's efforts to save him; and how his father had driven him away, and forbidden him to return until he could bring back the money that the horse had cost.

"I believe he's dead," Mrs. Ladd sighed.

She wiped her eyes on her needle-punctured fingers, and went slowly over to a wooden box in a corner. Raising the lid, she lifted out a black coat and waistcoat, a pair of trousers of light color, and a pair of calfskin boots with high heels and red tops.

"His Sunday clothes," she explained, huskily. "Tobe was mighty proud of 'em, but he wouldn't take 'em with 'im. He said he wanted to rough it—that he didn't want to put on style; he said I could save 'em till he got back. But he 'lowed if he never did git back, for me to give 'em to some feller that needed 'em."

Jacob Ladd still sat in the doorway. The dusk was falling over the hushed earth, when a man under a slouched hat rode up.

"Hello, Jake!" he called out, pausing at the gate.

Ladd rose quickly and went to him.

"I've seed 'em all," said the man, in a whisper. "We'll meet at the store to-night at 'leven. Morgan is in for it, heart an' soul. He 'lows hangin' is too good for such a cold-blooded rascal."

"All right," said Ladd, "I'll be thar. We'll save the county the expense of a long trial. It'll be that much in the pockets o' the taxpayers."

It was late in the night at the crossroad store. Peter Morgan, the storekeeper, had closed and locked the door, and stood leaning against it. Some twenty rough men were sitting and standing about in whispering groups. The last two to arrive were Jacob Ladd and a burly black man.

"You fetched Ike, I see," remarked Morgan, as he cautiously admitted them.

"Of course!" grunted Ladd. "Who else kin climb a tree like him? You know he's afeared to give us away, an' he is fond o' sech amusements."

The negro smiled grimly.

"Well, we are all here, I believe," said Morgan, "and as fur as I'm able to see, ye're all of one mind. But to make shore, I'll put it to a vote. All in favor hold up the right hand."

Every hand in the room was raised.

The storekeeper handed out a coil of new rope.

"That's the stuff," said Ladd, taking it in his hand, and handing it to the negro. "Make yore knot, Ike, or I'll have t'other eend for yore neck."

Ike smiled good-humoredly, tied the knot quickly and passed the rope to the group of men nearest him. They nodded as if satisfied, and handed it back, some of them refusing to touch it.

Ladd took a lantern and led the silent band from the store and down the little shaded forest road to the village, where the jail stood.

Ladd rapped upon the jail door with the head of his walking-stick, and his fellows moved up close behind.

"Hello! Who's thar?" sounded in gruff tones from the room occupied by the jailor and his wife.

"Git up an' see, Nelse Murray!" answered Ladd.

The men pressed nearer together. Some of them drew their revolvers and pulled their hats down over their eyes. Ladd's face was entirely hidden.

A chain rattled on the door and a pale, bearded face appeared in a slight opening.

"What's it you want?" asked the jailor, in an unsteady voice.

"Jest yore prisoner, Murray, that's all," replied Ladd, in a guttural, unrecognizable voice. The others crowded about him. "Turn over yore keys an' go back ter bed; we'll do the rest."

"Boys," exclaimed the jailor, "this ain't right. The prisoner haint been proved guilty. Go off, an' let me do my duty."

Murray was trembling so violently that the rattling of the chain on the door could be heard. Ladd coolly cocked his revolver. A dozen other weapons clicked.

"Hold on! Give 'in a minute!" exclaimed Ladd. The jailor's hand suddenly came out into the moonlight. A bunch of keys rattled in his fingers and fell jingling upon a stone step.

"I wash my hands uv ye," the jailor faltered.

Ladd unlocked the door, and the men entered. They gathered around a large cage of iron in the middle of the room, in which they saw, by the light of the lantern, a handsome man about twenty-two years old.

"I see what you want," said the young prisoner, "but I'll swar I'm not guilty! I didn't kill that man—I don't know anything about it. Give me a chance to prove it!"

"Tell that to some other gang o' 'white caps,'" said Ladd, coolly unlocking the cage and leading the man out. "You needn't bother to spend yore wind—you'll need it atter awhile. Tie 'is hands, Ike, an' put the rope 'roun' 'is neck."

Most of the band were awed by the prisoner's cool deportment. A sudden look of angry fearlessness seemed to sweep over his young face. As the negro approached him, he voluntarily crossed his hands behind his back for them to be tied.

"All right," he said, in a tone of resignation, mixed with contempt. "I'll show yer how an honest man kin die when he's overpowered by a mob o' cowards. Lead the way!"

Ladd preceded the prisoner and Ike down the stairs; the others brought up the rear. Silently they crossed the shaded courtyard, passed out into the open moonlight in the street, and entered the woods.

"What time is it?" asked Jacob Ladd, of a man by his side.

"I dunno," was the reply, and the speaker shuddered at the sound of his own voice.

"It's about quarter atter two," said the prisoner, very calmly. "I heerd the clock strike twice jest 'fore you fellers knocked on the door."

Every man that heard the voice seemed to feel a cold hand upon his heart. Presently Ike stopped the prisoner beneath a

huge oak, and looked around with a question in his gleaming eyes.

"This one'll do," said Ladd, in an uneven voice. Then, at his command, Ike hung the rope over the lowest limb of the tree.

"If yer hev any prayer ter pray, say it 'fore I give the order," said Ladd.

"My prayers are said, thank yer," said the young man; "but I've got a straight request to leave behind me, if ther's one among yer that 'ud like to see justice done."

"Out with it, then," said Ladd. As he spoke he let the rope fall slack.

"I've done said I'm innocent, so I won't go over that. But I've tramped it all the way from Texas to do somethin' for a dyin' man, an' this hangin' will prevent it. That money, two hundred dollars, 'at the sheriff tuk from me, an' which he intends to hand over to the dead man's wife, don't b'long ter her, and never was in the possession of the man that was killed.

"Ye all 'low I'm guilty, 'ca'se I had that money, an' couldn't tell the man's name I was fetchin' it to. Now I was away out on the prairie in North Texas, twenty mile from a white man's house, when I run acrost a young man by 'isse'f in a cabin, jest about to die with a fever. Thar wasn't nobody in reach, so I couldn't get help. Jest 'fore he died he give me that money, an' made me promise to take it to his father.

"He said he owed it to 'im fer a hoss he drowned, an' hed promised to pay fer. He hed jest told me that his father lived in this county, an' started to tell his name, when he tuk a fit o' coughin', an' died 'thout makin' it known.

"I buried 'im thar, an' tramped all the way here, 'ca'se I had no money o' my own. But so many young fellers has gone West 'at I couldn't find the father o' this one.

"All I want to ax is thet some o' you will try to see thet justice is done, in case anything turns up ter prove me innocent atter I'm gone. Now I'm ready."

Every eye in the group was directed toward Jacob Ladd. He was leaning against a young tree, as pale as death.

"What was the boy's name?" he gasped, staring the prisoner in the face.

"I tol' yer I didn't know," replied the other.

"Did he have red hair an' blue eyes?"

"Yes, an' a blood-red birthmark on his cheek."

Ladd was quivering in every limb and feature. The men had dropped the rope as if it had stung their hands. The whole forest seemed hushed in suspense.

The prisoner began to look around him in astonishment, but he could meet nobody's eyes.

"O my boy!" burst from Ladd's lips, and he staggered toward the bound man; "is he dead?"

"Who?"

"The boy that give you the money."

"Yes, an' under the ground. I buried 'im the best I could. Do you know anything about 'im?"

"He was my son!"

Almost without a word the young man was released. The mob gradually dispersed, and Ladd was left alone with him.

"Come along with me," said Ladd. "I'll see you clear with the sheriff. I want you to tell the boy's mother about it."

By and by they reached Ladd's cottage. The light from the kitchen fire shone through the window.

"She's up a'ready," said Ladd. "You wait here till I go and sorter break it to her."

He leaned wearily against the fence, and Ladd staggered across the potato patch and entered the door. The stranger listened, expecting to hear some sound of grief from the house, but it did not come. In a few moments Ladd emerged from the house and came slowly toward him.

"She takes it mighty quiet," he said, "an' haint a word to say 'bout our treatment o' you. But that'll come atter she's over t' other shock. She said to bring you in; come on."

Mrs. Ladd was standing in front of the fire when they entered. She went across the creaking floor to get a chair, which she placed near the hearth for the visitor. A sunbonnet hid her face, and she did not look up.

The visitor sat down. His bare toes showed through his shoes. A nude knee parted a wide rent in his trousers, and his elbows were exposed.

Ladd muttered something to his mute wife about going out to feed his horses, and slunk from the room.

"You mus' be hongry," Mrs. Ladd said; and she raised a most pallid, woe-begone visage. "I'll have breakfast ready in a few minutes."

She gave him food, and then showed him the way into the little bedroom, where Tobe had slept. Before he retired, he told her the story of the boy's death and burial. No tears came to the woman's eyes as she heard the recital, but she staggered as she went about her work.

He had slept soundly fifteen minutes before she cautiously put her gray head in at the door. She shrank back as if she had been smitten in the face, when she saw the outlines of his form under the covers of the bed her son had used. Then she stole into the

room, and softly lifted the sleeper's tattered clothing and shoes from a chair near the bed, and bore them back to her room.

She looked at them aghast; they were beyond repair. For twenty minutes she sat helplessly looking at the heap of rags, unable to think. A tear of pity for the young man asleep in the adjoining room came into her eye, although she had not yet wept over the death of her only child.

All at once her breast heaved. She arose, and going to the box in the corner, took out the suit of clothes she had shown her neighbor the day before.

"It 'ud be a shame to 'low 'im to go away in them rags," she muttered softly; and all at once she buried her rigid face in the clothing, and held it there for a silent moment. "Besides, Tobe 'lowed if he never come back, to give 'em to some feller 'at needed 'em; an' yit I wisht I might a-kep' 'em, to look at once in awhile."

She measured the two suits together; she put the soleless shoe against the bottoms of the high-heeled boots, and was satisfied with the measurement. Then she folded the ragged clothes up in a bundle, and put them behind some rubbish in a corner.

Taking the other suit and the boots, she placed them noiselessly upon the chair near the stranger's bed, and softly withdrew.

About three hours later the guest put his head cautiously out of his room and caught her eye.

"I cayn't find my clothes," he said.

"I left t'others for yer," she said, huskily; and she coughed a little behind her hand. "Yore'n was 'bout played out. Yore welcome to 'em—I reckon they'll fit yer."

When he came out wearing the suit, and she looked up suddenly and saw him standing near the water-shelf, she fell to shak-

ing so violently that the pan she held fell to the floor. She stooped to pick it up, and without giving him another glance, quickly left the room.

While the young man stood in the door, Ladd and the sheriff rode up to the gate and called him to them. They had come to restore the money that had been taken from him, and to tell him that a man had been arrested in the next county with Broadenax's money in his possession, and that the man had confessed the crime.

The young man took the money.

"Thar's the money yore boy sent yer," he said to Ladd. "An' now I think I'll go. I've been away from my folks fer three year, an' I aint thought much about home, but somehow I've got the strongest hankerin' to see my mammy I ever had in all my life. Good-by. Tell your wife I'm much obleeged fer 'er kindness. I know how she feels, an' I won't bother 'bout tellin' 'er farewell."

Ladd tried to speak, but could not. He walked on down the road by the young man's side to a tree where his favorite mare was tied. There were tears in his eyes, and his features were softer than they had been since his childhood.

"Hold on," he said. He put his hand upon the neck of the mare, and looked appealingly into his companion's face. "Fer heaven's sake, don't refuse what I'm agwine to ax yer," he began. "I b'lieve on my soul I'll die if yer do! You've got forty mile to go—I want to give you m^a mare, fer yo' ter keep fer good. I've packed some victuals in the saddlebags. Don't refuse me."

"I cayn't take yore hoss, man," said the other. "You needn't feel like I'm agwine to harbor any ill-will agin yer. I aint that sort."

"Yer must take 'er!" groaned the farmer. "I cayn't take no refusal."

The young man looked into the streaming old eyes for a moment; then he said:

"All right, sence yer insist on it. I think I see what's botherin' yer, an' if I kin he'p yer, I'm willin'."

Ladd watched the horseman ride away.

When he was almost out of sight down the long road Ladd turned, and found his wife at his side. Her face was as hard in expression as a statue's. But she showed surprise when she noticed the tears in her husband's eyes, and transfigured visage.

She looked away in the sunshine after the departing horse and rider. Then her face lighted up with sudden eagerness.

"Did you give 'im Betty, Jacob?" she asked.

He nodded.

She wavered an instant; then threw her arms around him, and with her white head on his breast, burst into tears.

WILL N. HARBEN.



FRUITION.

The bluff road is all beauty in midsummer. A long stretch of gray macadam skirting a silver river, winding for miles at the base of sombre mountains and rich fields. This evening soft, gray clouds piled up in the west, and purple thistles, and thistles seeded in gray mist waved along the borders of the road. A field of ripened grain studded with trees heavy with ruddy fruit, looked triumphantly up to greet the evening star, while one bright streak of red-gold sky beneath the gray, smiled beneficently on both meadow and star.

From the leafy covert of the forest trees resounded the vesper song of the cicada, and the sweet-souled mocking bird. Grasses, green and tender, waved tremulously in the cool air beside the primrose, which held its golden chalice for a quaff of honeydew.

Two old ladies with gray locks, and nearing the gray part of life's journey, were thirsty too, and had just stopped their horse at a wayside cot for a cup of cold water.

While the old ladies were engaged in allaying their thirst, a spanking team, with a girl in white and a young man holding the ribbons dashed by. "There!" said Madame Graylocks, her face as stern as a threatening cloud; "look at that jade. See how close she sits to the man in the buggy; in my day things were not so."

"Oh! well, now," spoke the other dame, "she is a pretty child; don't judge, but look rather at that little curl of gold nestling on the lace at the neck of her gown."

"Yes," said Madame Graylocks, and giving her horse a vigorous pull followed the pair down the road. "Yes, but just let us watch them, and maybe your tenderness will turn to—"

"How beauteous is youth and its hopes, how fondly the man leans toward the girl!" interposed the other softly.

"Fondly! I should say so. There, I do believe he has kissed her. Look, he has bobbed his head over ridiculously low, almost into her lap. Did you see that performance?"

"No, I did not."

"You never do see anything," said Madame Graylocks.

"Oh, yes," quoth the sweet other one. "I observe that piece of yellow sky over there shining above the sheaves of wheat. Expanses of kindred gold, are they not?"

"I could never follow you in your vagaries," returned Madame Graylocks. "I am watching yonder pair. My, how carelessly he does drive! Such magnificent horses, and he has hardly looked at the reins—there, he is at it again, and her head has fallen too; don't they know that we are behind?"

"Perhaps not, my dear; love is blind."

The cornflower nestled in the tangled ferns; long vines trailed in prodigal luxury and swayed joyously over the water; along the silver river in the lush grasses, the reeds and the willows whispered as they quivered in the shadows of the fragrant summer twilight.

A sudden turn of the horses' heads and the youthful couple confronted the old ladies.

"Oh!" gasped one.

"Ah," smiled the other.

They beheld the young wife of a year taking her firstborn for a drive. A snowy lace cap framing a rosy face was pressed

against her bosom. Her husband's face was near her own and in his smile was all the joy, love, tenderness, that hope ever promised or fruition realized.

All along the bluff road rich in midsummer ripeness and glory, he had been gazing upon and kissing his own little new baby.

ETHEL HILLYER HARRIS.



MADONNA.

“Madonna! Madonna!” the ages ring,
 “Sweetest and dearest that God hath made.”
“Madonna! Madonna!” the spheres all sing,
 “Sun, moon and stars are at thy feet;
For naught that God hath counted good
Is nobler made than motherhood!”

After a night of pain
 Like mists of fire and blood,
Come life and the old new song,
 And her crown of motherhood.

New music rang in her voice,
 A new light shone in her face,
And all that she said and all that she did
 Wore a diviner grace.

Glad was the whole dumb earth;
 Man bowed his reverent head;
Archangels knelt with palms at her feet;
 “Hail, mother!” was what they said.

Her little one knelt at her knees,
 And whispered his evening prayer;
The angel who guarded the gates of pearl
 Said: “Mine is not holier care.”

Oh, meeker than violets' bloom,
And sweeter than roses she;
God never hath fashioned a thing more fair
Than motherhood's mystery!

A man rose up at her side,
Though she knew no words of command;
He was pure as snow and strong as steel,
By the grace of her guiding hand.

"Madonna! Madonna!" the ages ring,
"Sweetest and dearest that God hath made!"
"Madonna! Madonna!" the spheres all sing,
"Sun, moon and stars are at thy feet;
For naught that God hath counted good
Is nobler made than motherhood!"

MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.



LIFE'S COMRADES.

Lilies wooed stars and stars leaned to hear and kiss them in the hush and fragrance of those nights. Heaven clasped earth and pleaded for the caress that earth, laughing, yielded in the purple and gold of those days. For, do you understand? Life had started to walk down the primrose slope, and Youth with snooded locks and Love with clinging hands and eyes were her companions. O, Life was very gay, for Youth led her only where the primroses were deepest and velvetiest to her feet, while Love pointed her to noon's empyrean, sunset-spilled roses of early evening, or fleeciest cossets later crowding to Selene's gentle shepherding. Love was dear to her, and beautiful, and a comrade she cared not to part with: she hoped their hands might always join and their eyes meet at will. But Youth was more precious held. Youth, she adored.

She would be sorrowful without Love; without Youth she would not be herself, but some other desolate creation. Youth was her leader, her guide, half merry and half demure, her sweet handmaiden, bringing her blossoms and fruitage, doing her gay bidding happily always, encompassing her with soft joyance, with splendid lustres, fine scents and subtle harmonies. Love was only her gentle friend who walked serenely beside her, and when her eyes were too acquainted with primroses or apples, lifted a directing gaze to faint, far heights of mountain, sky, or star.

But the primroses ended one day—no one knew why—nor did Life pause to think; for the fair declivity was behind her, and

she was standing, fronting a profound stream. The brooks her feet had stepped lightly across hitherto had only laughed in limpid frolic; but the waters here were brown and grave and mystic.

Steeped in a deep wonderment, she moved slowly on towards its crossing, forgetting momentarily to look for sportive guide or shadow-keeping friend. Beyond, arose another incline, not arduous, but austere; and though in mazed doubt, she yet pursued her path up this, for the journey must be made. Suddenly a stone cut her foot and she cried to Youth to come and soothe the leaping pain and lead her again on velvet and perfume. Youth came not; but another figure bent with heart-tenderness over the tiny wound. Yet because she knew only that it was not Youth, the spoiled bright child of sun and air, drove him from her with petulant words, and called again for Youth, only Youth. The dear one came not, nor could be seen or heard. Wringing her hands and mourning, Life turned to recross the fatal, brown stream, sure that in the sunlight on the other side, she would soon glimpse the glinting, snooded locks, while the flute tones would vibrate their melodic way to her ears.

Alas, for all backward paths!

There was no retracing this. The stream now rolled, an ominous, impassible flood between her and the primrose slope that slept dreamless beyond it, folding, perhaps, in some tranced enchantment with itself, fair Youth. Never should she cross to Life, never should Life recross to her.

* * * * *

Years swept by before Life forgot to despair or remembered not to dream her fadeless dream of the beautiful lost presence. She had journeyed desolately on as she must, nor had once been

mindful to wonder if Love, too, had lingered in the flowered sunshine with Youth, nor yet mindful to look upon the noble grace of the one figure that walked silently with her. Omniscience could scarcely tell how it came about; but finally there crept up from the orient a day when Life sat still to think, and thinking, she remembered for the first time other hands and eyes than Youth's. She lifted a warm glance to the solitary presence that had kept her loneliness company on the dragging road this side the river, and asked if he knew Love. Then eyes' light leaped to eyes' light, and ardent hands to hands; and in a sudden glory, Life was smitten with a pain deeper but dearer than any happiness; and a joy more durable than any pain. For she found that Love had never parted a moment's space from her, and her heart was flooded with the deep peace of knowing that through Time's journey and eternity's repose, he should be unfailingly her protector and her comrade: and she leaned upon his bosom while he pointed her again to nearer now and more precious heights of mountain, sky, and star.

LEONORA BECK.



HAVE YOU BEEN TRUE AMERICANS?

ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF
WASHINGTON.

As those mysterious sentries of the skies,
The comets, with fixed periods, return
About God's hidden business, so I dream
The spirits of great human masters come
At intervals to mark on earth the fate
Of seeds they scattered when they dwelt with men.
The nineteenth century is near its end.
When sank the eighteenth in the western skies.
Passed also from our view Columbia's sun,
Not darkness leaving, but a roseate glow
Like that which lingers long in Arctic skies.
Great Washington, the hundredth year draws nigh!
Thy shade, ev'n now, on deathless pinions borne
Like arrow piercing the abyss of space
My vision catches, speeding for this globe—
Timing its flight to end in 'ninety-nine—
To view the temple, whose foundations thou
And thy immortal comrades firmly fixed,
And did to human freedom dedicate.
Have ye, my countrymen, in order set
Your house to greet the visitor august?

Or have ye cause, like Judas at the feast,
To turn your faces from the Master's eye?
He, when self-government in peril stood,
Cast life, ambition, fortune to the winds
And led our feeble colonies to face
A scepter feared and courted by the world.
Unselfish hero! he had but to "crook
The pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift
Might follow fawning." Liberal fortune his—
The safe and mighty course to kingward lay.
But, Heaven be praised, he was not temptable!
And, with the stoutest heart that ever throbbed
In warrior-breast, through seven awful years
He led the patriots safely to the mount
Whereon they laid the corner stone of this
Our house, the most unique of all the times.
And while the wondering nations gazed in awe,
Pledged to the world that here should be fulfilled
The hopes deferred of tempest-tost mankind.
Which vow to emphasize, the godlike chief—
Sans prototype, *sans* prospect of successor—
'Vironed by crowns at every compass-point,
Loftily scorning his "Utopian dream,"
And tempting him the swaddled babe to slay,
Which, trembling, cowered in his Ajax arms—
With sacrifice of self unparalleled,
Thrice-offered power immovably refused,
And thenceforth at his rural hearthstone dwelt,
In majesty surpassing that of kings.
Have ye been true Americans? Dare ye face

Th' unswerving, though invisible eye, of him
Whose love of country towered o'er love of self?
'Midst your ambition and the strife for gold,
Forgotten have ye his "Address Farewell?"
Or, joying in your blood-bought liberties,
Have ye, beside your happy firesides, read
To sons and daughters still with kindling eye,
And 'raptured tone, those wisdom-jeweled words?
Search now your hearts, and answer! Have ye kept
The balance 'twixt the States and Federal powers?
Or have ye slept whilst under forms of law
The organism central hath usurped
The sacred rights of government self-local?
Or, fired and calloused by the frenzied zeal
Of party spirit, or tracking party pelf,
Like very dogs of faction, overlooked
That "public office is a public trust"?
Or checked by modesty, or drugged by ease,
Base cowards, skulking in the army's rear,
Your country have ye lent to godless men,
Who, greedy for to-day's emolument,
Their power, law-making or judicial, sell,
While youth upgrowing asks, with skeptic scorn:
"Is this the fruitage of the Fathers' sowing?"
To charge, far be it from this humble pen;
But if indeed 'tis true, as men aver,
Monopoly, the vampire, hath our throats,
"Be of good cheer;" he hath not yet our blood!
The early Fathers did not strive in vain;
The ballot sure is all-sufficient, but

The spirit of the "embattled farmers" lives
And burns in scions scattered o'er this land.
The greatest of Virginians since the First
Faced God, proclaiming for his watchword, "DUTY!"
And Southern men, when Union plainly calls,
Will crowd to die, or "conquer by that sign."
In nations' lives, what are a hundred years?
Yet is this Nation but a beardless youth,
Treading a path beset by cunning knaves,
And storing wisdom from experience gained.
'Tis true, that in the governments of old
Plutocracy first ruled, and then destroyed;
But, claimed "the people" in those times no rights.
Democracy had scarce been born in dreams.
Sweet is the 'lixir of self-government;
More than a century have this people sucked
Its tonic strength into their pulsing veins,
And not the wealth of all the earth combined
Can "turn the dial back" to Cæsarism.

HENRY CLAY FAIRMAN.



VOICES OF THE SHOALS.

Sunrise on Towaliga! A clear, golden light on hill and stream. A new world, lifting a fresh, glad face to the kiss of morning. In and out, among the clambering vines that cover the ruins of yonder crumbling mill, the blithe birds flutter joyously. Long, rustic bridges span the stream like silver pathways wrapped in gleaming mist, that lead toward the emerald slope of the hill.

From every tree-top comes a matin hymn of praise. The jagged rocks that dot the creek gleam white above the foamy ripples.

A slender girl, with great grey eyes and dusky hair, stands 'neath the willow on the flower-starred bank and scatters snow-white petals on the stream.

The voices of the shoals sing together—and the song is an anthem of joy!

Sunset on Towaliga! Golden and purple, warm and glowing, the west prepares the gateway for departing day. From far-off fields come mellow sounds of bells, as homeward trudge the cows.

An air of peace and mystery enwraps the gray old mill, and sleepy swallows circle 'mid the shadows of its vines.

Dreamily the ripples glide between the curving banks, and dusky shadows lie 'neath every tree.

Once more the girl is standing under the willow, but not alone. A manly form bends o'er her, and deep eyes look into her own that gaze no longer on the restless waters. Her face, alight

with love and trust, is lifted toward her lover's, and the sunset light lies on it lingeringly.

Low words are mingled with the sounds of evening.

The voices of the shoals sing a vesper hymn—and the song is a paean of *love*.

Midnight on Towaliga.

A pallid radiance gleams on hill and tree. Silence rests on the hillsides, and darkness, weird and solemn, broods about the mill.

No sound is borne upon the sluggish breeze save the occasional note of a mourning whip-poor-will.

No figure on the shore—no words of love or joy—adown the stream a broken lily floats.

Something rises and falls upon the tide in yon dark shadows where the willows overhang the stream—and the water lies dark and deep.

Something gleams white upon the water—a maiden's pallid face, enframed in dusky hair. No smile of love and trust curves the wan, set lips. The drooping lines all speak of broken faith and vanished hope.

The voices of the shoals are singing together—and the song is a dirge of despair.

MINNIE QUINN.



THE DAWNING CENTURY.

Hushed in the century's slowly rising dawn,
We breathe the airs of its transcendent day;
And hear, while melt the ancient shades away,
The pageant of a vaster life move on.
What heights shall be attained ere it be gone?
What human vistas opened, who shall say?
What generations at its evening gray
Shall watch the veil of night across it drawn?
Thy soul and mine, far out upon life's steep,
Shall preen, ere then, for everlasting flight:
Shall leave this frame on time's dull shore asleep,
And rise on silver wings through crystal light;
Or, pale with fear, shall lean above the deep,
And plunge forever down the chasm of night.

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.



SHADOWS.

“Drearly drift the shadows
Over my life again;
Heavily in my bosom
Throbs the mighty pain.

“Life is a weary journey,
Time is so dark and cold;
Vainly I’ve grasped for sunbeams,
Shadows are all I hold.”

The words of the song came floating to me on the evening breeze—words full of pathos, telling of a shadowed life, of a heart grown weary of the “vain grasping for sunbeams.” The voice of the singer rose and fell in sad and tender cadences, and as the song ceased and melted into the silence of the night, I could fancy the singer sitting with bowed head and clasped hands, crushed by the sorrow that darkened her life.

Oh, these shadowed lives! The world is full of them.
The poet Hood declares:

“There’s not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.”

And another says:

“Into the silent depths of every heart
The eternal throws its awful shadow-form.”

We instinctively shrink from sorrow, and therefore naturally commiserate those upon whom the shadows of sorrow rest.

We think the life that is fullest of sunshine and freest from shadow the desirable life.

But in looking over the history of the world, we find that sorrow has ever been an important factor in developing and perfecting character, and that the germs of genius seldom develop to greatest perfection in sunshine only.

In the perfect picture, the deepest shadows are as necessary as the highest lights.

The world is indebted to shadowed lives for some of its best and most entrancing literature. Would that wonderful and inimitable book, "Pilgrim's Progress," have been written, had not the shadows of Bedford jail fallen upon Bunyan? Would Milton have sung so sublimely, had not darkness thrown her mantle 'round him? Would Edgar Allan Poe have delighted us with the strains of his weird, unearthly measures, had not "melancholy marked him for her own?"

Scores might be mentioned who have enriched the world by their genius or their goodness, after their dross had been burned away in the furnace of affliction.

It may be glorious to stand on the mountain top, in full effulgence of light, and bask in the brightness that dwells on the pinnacle, but the valley, with the shadows that rest upon it, also has its charms.

And O, sweet singer, whose song awoke sympathy in my heart, take courage; it is only to-day that the shadow falls—to-morrow's sun will drive away the mists. Eternity's morning will fill each trusting heart with a glory of light, and the shadows will flee away.

LOUISE THREETE HODGES.

TO LILLIE OF ATLANTA.

The curtains of the night are never drawn
In graceful folds across the face of day,
But what my memory puts its glad wings on,
And bears sweet thoughts of you, so far away.

And as I while away life's happy hours,
Deep in my heart there is a wish that's true—
That I was in Atlanta—'mong the flowers,
To hear the mocking bird that sings for you.

When first I saw your soul-lit smiling eyes,
And looked upon your face, so young, so fair,
My heart's door opened to the tender ties
Of friendship that shall live forever there.

I do not love you, "Lil," as lovers love,
With ardent words and tender looks beguiled;
No! mine is friendship, pure as Heaven above—
I love you as a father loves his child.

Come, Friendship, then, and I'll give you a kiss,
And you must take it to the sweetest mouth
That ever said "Good-bye" to me; take this
To Lillie, sweet girl of the Sunny South.

If you should wander through this land of ours,
In search of her, so beautiful and fair,
And fail to find her in the home of flowers,
Go to Atlanta, and you'll find her there.

WILL S. HAYS.

Louisville, Feb. 1, 1895.

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

"All aboard for Bethesda Spring, Silurian, Arcadian, or down town!"

"Ah, Missie, as I sit rocking and singing lullabies to my little one here, waiting for Fred through the midnight hours, that monotonous cry of the 'bus-men' comes to me in my reveries like a cold wave, causing my very blood to chill with remorse! But come, take this easy-chair, and I'll tell you all about it, for you are an old friend and I can trust you. Give me your hand. You know it was a way of mine when we were deskmates at school, to hold hands; somehow I could study better. But my story.

"After you left us, Neil McCoull, a brilliant, rich young lawyer came to board with us, and read law with father. Just at that time there seemed to be a lull in the affairs of the young people of the town. A new man in town spread like wildfire, and he at once became the observed of all observers, and gave material for talk for days after. All sought his acquaintance. Even those of our sex who had been put on the list of 'passees,' and had retired from the field, rallied from their places of retreat, armed themselves afresh with men-smiles and re-entered the struggle. The anxious mothers, too, brought up the rear, urging them on with—'it may be your last chance—make well of it—you will be forever laid on the shelf soon'—and like expressions equally as encouraging.

"But Neil was equal to the emergency. He at once ensconced himself in a strong fort of indifference, and kept the new acquaintances under subjection by mild, but unrelenting reserve. He wasn't slow to take in the situation.

"I was a young and motherless girl, under the control of an old maid aunt, you know.

"It would have been a great shock to her poor nerves had I received attention from the 'uppish young Americas' of the town, as she termed them, as other girls of my age did. But ignorance was bliss with me. I had never known anything about such things, and cared less. I loved my books, was retiring and shy in my disposition. Neil, living in the house with me, soon became a constant companion. He was like an older brother to me. He helped me with my studies, and taught me to ride and drive. This over-attention of Neil's, to such an unpretentious creature as I was, quite disgusted the interested daughters and anxious mothers of the town. Time flew. I was a graduate with the highest honors. Neil delivered the commencement address and diplomas. I was proud of him, but he was more so of me. He had always called me little sweetheart, and I had treated it as a little joke, but on this occasion he kissed me, surrounded by my laurels. Was ever kiss like that! He read in my telltale eyes that which made his heart throb with joy. I afterwards posed for an artist who saw me on that night. The picture is labelled, 'The Sweet Girl Graduate,' and received special mention at the Paris salon last year.

"A year afterwards, father and I were at Waukesha for the summer. Several of our society belles were also there. Neil had joined us for a short time. One glorious evening, just as the fire-flies were trimming their lamps for the falling shadows, he sat

with me at the base of Crescent spring and read to me 'The Buried Life,' by Matthew Arnold. It was his confession to me, and to my heart they were the most beautiful lines ever penned by a poet. As he finished reading, a voice in the pavilion above me said, and so distinctly that I could hear it, 'Who is this Miss Dortch of your town? She is beautiful and sings like a nightingale, but seems indifferent to society?'

"I recognized the speaker to be Blanche Doyle, a New York woman who had spent much of her time abroad, and who had realized a round sum from playing roulette at Monte Carlo. She was a typical woman of fashion—magnificent figure, blondined hair, cosmetics in profusion, but rather coarse featured. Dancing came as natural to her feet as the latest scandal to her lips. To be stared at was the height of her ambition, and to be mobbed by the men, her acme of bliss; yet she possessed tact, most potent of social qualities.

"'Oh, she is one of the goody-goody girls,' replied one of the belles from our town. 'The men call her sweet, but content themselves with admiring her from a distance; there's nothing exciting in knowing her better. She gets in with all the old people, her slow ways suit them; she wastes her smiles on the pauper, and is styled a superior woman. Dear me! These superior women—how stupid they are! For my part I prefer to ignore these stiff, conventional laws of propriety and have a good time.'

"When they had gone Neil began to make comparisons in my favor. He said I was truthful, innocent and pure, and oh, his confidence in me only death could break. He said good-bye to me that night, but was happy, for I had promised to marry him on my return home in the autumn.

"He had gone, and two months more of the summer. How should I spend it? When that question entered my mind, the tempter entered my heart, slowly but surely. The conversation I had overheard still lingered with me. 'I believe I'll show these people what a stupid, indifferent girl can do when she takes a notion. There's nothing to be done but make myself excessively agreeable to people. I have nothing better to do, no harm can come from that, surely,' I thought.

"A little later, I was sitting at the piano, singing. Blanche Doyle came up with her gushing compliments. Much to her amazement, I received them gracefully and kept up a quick repartee. From that time she sought my company on every occasion, much to my discomfort; but, 'If I am to be a success, I must receive every one cordially. It would be unwise to incur such a woman's displeasure; and then she will be leaving soon; not enough horse racing and betting, consequently a limited number of sports,' I argued.

"'Miss Dortch,' she said to me one day; 'I am compelled to leave this place to-day. A gentleman friend of mine will be here for the ball to-night—may I leave him in your care?'

"I hesitated, a dozen thoughts rushing in confusion through my brain.

"'Who was he?' 'Birds of a feather,' etc. 'What would Neil think?' But I smothered my conscience into the conclusion, 'Perhaps I'll never see him again.'

"At the ball that night, occasion ever memorable to me, I wore a simple costume of white silk and mulle, with diamond ornaments. During the evening a bell boy handed me a card which read, "For Miss Eunice Dortch, introducing Mr. Fred Malone."

There was a fatality in that meeting. He was the handsomest man I ever saw, and proved, as you know, the most fascinating.

"I led the german with him, was showered with favors, while the other girls of my town took a back seat, wondered and looked green with envy. As Fred Malone bade me good night on the dimly lighted stairway, he took my hand and kissed it.

"I didn't reprove him, but felt the hot blood rush to my face. I entered my room, went straight to the mirror—a woman's way, you know—to see how my bangs had stood the whirl of the evening. A deep blush still mantled my cheek. I cast my eyes down. 'Eunice Dortch,' I said to myself, 'can this be you? The superior woman, as you are called, what has come over you? Shame! Shame!'

"That night I spent in tossing, endeavoring to rock my conscience to sleep.

"Fred Malone spent the entire summer at Waukesha and was all devotion, so much against my father's will that he took me away. Fred followed on the next train; met me in Chicago—oh! don't shrink from me, Missie, for I'm not wicked at heart. I married Fred Malone that very day; yes, and will be true to him, for he is my husband, though I am called the 'gambler's wife,' and the shame of it rests upon my life.

"My father disinherited me, and poor Neil McCoull took brain fever and died soon after. Think of it, Missie! I've got to go to judgment with the death of that grand man on my soul.

"O God, have mercy!

"The diamonds which spoke so eloquently of wealth, as they glittered from my ears and throat one year ago to-night, the night I met Fred Malone, now speak as eloquently from the pawnbroker's shop, of poverty present. But I've learned the

great lesson of charity, for when I see pure, innocent girls, superior girls, tampering with the world and sacrificing their womanliness at its shrine of applause and attention, I pity, rather than condemn them. They remind me of the poor sorceress who entwines the serpent about her throat, confident of her power of control, but alas! In the moment when she least expects it, it sticks its deadly fangs into her vitals! Ah, yes, Missie, I was the belle of the season that year, a short season of two months, but it has cost me my life's happi—hu—s—h, there's Fred—O God, and drunk again!"

ELLA MAY POWELL.



DOLOROSA.

"Oh! I know this truth, if I know no other,
That Passionate Love is Pain's own mother."



THE beach at San Rinaldo was beautiful in the moonlight. Each wave reflected a moonbeam; the water broke upon the smooth, white shore in a thousand jeweled drops; myriads of stars twinkled in the cloudless dome above, and again in the glassy surface of the bay. The summer breeze, fragrant with the breath of many flowers, bore upon it the tinkling strains of a man-

dolin and the soft resonance of a tenor voice singing a Spanish love song. The singer stood below a small cottage window, not many yards from the water's brink. The blind was soon opened softly; a scarlet blossom was dropped out, and a woman's face was seen for a moment only. The singer picked up the flower, murmuring "Gracias, señorita," and then strolled jauntily away, strumming a light ditty on his instrument.

He was a handsome fellow, this sweet-voiced serenader—tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, of graceful address and languid bearing. Edgar Allenby had come to California to regain the health he had so greatly impaired by overwork at his beloved profession. He was an artist. By nature happy, careless and gay, with just a *soupeon* of that devil-may-care recklessness which so attracts a woman, he had always been a favorite with the fair sex, and was considered a thoroughly good fellow by his comrades and confreres in art. He had seen a good deal of the world and had managed to extract considerable pleasure from it. Family ties did not bind him, as he had long ago strayed away from the parental roof and begun to live in his own happy-go-lucky way. Abundance of means had enabled him to rove whither he would. He did not look on life seriously; the troubles of others did not interest or bother him—he never listened to them—and as yet he had had none of his own. Coming West, from Los Angeles he had journeyed to Pasadena, San Diego and other resorts that pleased his fancy, always in search of the artistic and picturesque; but a few days after his arrival at San Ronaldo he had chanced upon the prettiest picture he had ever beheld. It was twilight on the bay; the breeze scarcely stirred the placid water; a fresh young voice chanting “Ave, Maria” reached his ears; the plash of oars announced the approach of a boat. The solitary occupant of the tiny craft was a girl of about eighteen years, whose face and coloring betokened her Spanish blood. Her eyes were large, brown and lustrous; her black hair lay heavily on her temples and was parted in the center like a Madonna’s; her figure was lithe and graceful, and simply clad in a dark blue gown with a crimson scarf knotted about her waist. A flower of the same hue gleamed at her throat and in her dusky hair.

As she ceased rowing and fastened her boat at its accustomed place, she saw the stranger, and a blush rose to her brown cheeks. He removed his hat, and as she passed him, murmured "Buenos noches, señorita." He scarcely heard the "Buenos noches, señor" which came from her lips. He followed her—first with his eyes and then at a discreet distance until he satisfied himself where she lived. The next day he walked in the same direction, but caught no glimpse of her. Then by judicious inquiry he discovered her identity and learned her short, sad history. Her father had been drowned in that little bay before her mother's eyes, who stood on the shore, powerless to aid her husband. This was several months before Dolorosa's birth, and the mother's sorrow was transmitted to the daughter. The baby eyes were mournful, and the melancholy name which her mother gave the sad-faced child seemed well chosen. When little Dolorosa was just learning to walk and lisp her baby prayers, her mother died—of a broken heart they all said. Her only regret was at leaving her baby. "Don't cry, Mama; Dolorosa come to you soon," the child had whispered in her mother's ear. Since that time she had lived with her godfather in the little cottage which they owned, and they maintained an existence by fishing, weaving nets, and selling flowers, coral and treasures of the sea as souvenirs to the visitors at San Ronaldo.

With an artist's quick perception for all that is beautiful, Edgar Allenby was strangely attracted by his single glimpse of Dolorosa, and three nights after that occasion he played under her window. The girl was fascinated by the sweet music and could not resist opening the shutter. After he had gone she could not rest. Something—a vague, indescribable feeling, never experienced before, seemed struggling in her breast. She looked

out upon the clear water and let the soft, cool breeze fan her hot cheeks, and finally sank into a sleep that was heavy and unrefreshing. As for Edgar Allenby, he laughed to himself as he walked away and mused: "This certainly is a new departure; serenading a señorita, singing Spanish love songs in very rusty Spanish under a damosel's window. What a romantic personage I am getting to be!" He lounged on the hotel piazza for an hour or two, delighting his artist soul in the moonlit scene, and sending up little white rings of smoke from a soothing cigar. Then he went in to dream of soft brown eyes, scarlet blossoms and tinkling mandolins.

The next morning he was on the beach bright and early, and found Dolorosa sorting pearly shells and making quaint ornaments from them. He approached her with that easy grace she found so hard to resist.

"The señorita is an early riser."

She raised her eyes to his. Her face was childlike in its simplicity.

"I love the beach in the early morning," she said. "The air is so fresh and pure. Besides, I have much to do to-day."

"Can I not help you?" he asked.

"The señor is very kind," she replied, "but he could not do this work," deftly arranging a coral necklace. "And I must shortly take these things over to Rosita."

"May I ask who is Rosita?" queried Allenby, with charming deference.

"She keeps a little shop over there," pointing across the bay, and buys of me what I can prepare from these shells, and the flowers we raise."

"May I not row you over?"

"I do not wish to trouble—"

"It is a pleasure, I assure you."

He helped her place the pretty trifles in the boat, and carried the large basket of fragrant flowers, on whose many-hued petals the dew still sparkled. Then, helping her into the boat, he pulled off, rowing skillfully, and feathering the oars in a style that betokened practice.

"The señor rows well."

"Not so well as you. I have watched you often. He leaned forward, smiling. She blushed, and removed her large hat, brushing back the heavy, wavy locks. Her sweet, red lips were parted; her dreamy face was slightly flushed by the sun, and her lithe figure was perfectly outlined, as she sat in the stern of the boat.

"What a picture you make!" he said, impulsively. "Would you let me paint you, just as you are?"

She started. "What would the señor do with a picture of me?"

"Exhibit it," he said, promptly. It would make a great sensation. And then he told her of his work, and how her portrait would be hung in the great Academy, be seen and admired by thousands, and make them both rich and famous. After much persuasion, she consented.

"I don't care for myself," she murmured, "but since you wish it—." He answered and thanked her with a close pressure of the hand. It seemed then as though fire were coursing through her veins. Her hand was abruptly withdrawn, and she began hastily to gather up the shells, for the boat was about to touch.

Old Rosita saw a new look in her eyes and observed Allenby askance, preserving, however, a discreet silence.

On the way home, Dolorosa rowed, plying the oars with vigor and grace. Edgar leaned back in the boat, regarding her with admiration, and talking freely of his life and ambitions, tactfully drawing from her many expressions and ideas that would have surprised old Alfio, her godfather, had he heard them, for she was generally quiet and reserved. To Edgar Allenby, however, she showed, by her impulsive eagerness at meeting a congenial spirit, the utter simplicity and innocence of her nature. Before they parted, arrangements had been made for a sitting the next morning at the cottage, and as he kissed her hand in farewell, she said, "You need not stop under the window, this time, señor."

The days that followed were full of happiness. In a short time, the picture took on shape and color. It was simply a bust portrait, the slightly bare shoulders draped with dull red, and a crimson flower in the hair. Dolorosa was very beautiful then. The love that had sprung up in her heart lessened the customary mournfulness of her face, and her whole soul shone from her glorious eyes in purity and love. Allenby was thoroughly wrapped up in his work. His health was entirely regained. His artistic nature delighted in the beauty of his subject; he looked ahead, and surmised the fame the picture would bring him, and threw much fervor and feeling into it. All the while, he was utterly unconscious of the feeling he had aroused in Dolorosa's heart, until one day, when the portrait was nearly finished, he happened to glance up, and found her gazing at him so intently, so longingly, that it came over him like a flash, for her love was plainly spoken with her eyes. He dropped his brush and sprang to her side, holding her close.

"Darling, do you love me?"

She could only cling to him. "Edgardo mio." He kissed her.

* * * * *

Three months had passed. The glorious summer had mellowed into fall. Edgar and Dolorosa had lived in another world. World?—it had seemed more like Heaven! The very sky had seemed bluer, the sun brighter, the day more fair, and the night more perfect because of their love. Everything was beautiful, and had been made only for them. But now, as autumn approached, Allenby began once more to think of work, and to long for the old studio life, and his jolly Bohemian comrades; he realized the folly of the summer madness that had seized him, and with the cooler weather, his ardent passion grew less, and he became weary of the abundance of Dolorosa's love. Her devotion never abated. Morning, noon and night, her great love welled up in her heart, and quite overcame her. Never having known that constant parental affection that is a part of most children's lives, the whole capacity of her nature was focused on her love for Edgar. It was a blind, passionate, unquestioning, uncalculating and intense love, the mere knowledge of which gave her exquisite joy.

Allenby, on the other hand, had loved Dolorosa in his own way—a careless, thoughtless, but passionate way. The element of heroic devotion and self-sacrifice did not enter his affection, and his nervous nature already craved a change.

Lately, there had come to his hotel an Eastern lady and her daughter, for the latter's health. Ethel Sterling was a slender, delicate blonde, of a gentle, affectionate nature, but without much strength of character; her mother's wish was law to her,

in spite of her own inclinations. In Edgar Allenby, Mrs. Sterling saw an eligible son-in-law. His reputation as an artist and *bon-homie*, his plentiful income she knew, and therefore bade Ethel exert her charms in that direction. Poor Ethel was too weak and disinterested to care for admiration, or make herself even agreeable, but being a dutiful child, she did her best, and soon Edgar was quite attentive. Mrs. Sterling was eminently pleased with the result of her plans, and Ethel, before she knew it, was deeply attached to the man she had endeavored to please for her mother's sake.

In the meantime, the intervals between Edgar's visits to Dolorosa became longer, his tenderness forced, his caresses nonchalant. The agony of this revelation came to Dolorosa one September night, when she was singing his hitherto favorite air to the guitar, with the lovelight shining in her eyes.

"Carissimo, I have missed you. Can it be that you tire of your own Dolorosa?" she said, in jest, expecting the usual declaration.

"Of course not, sweetheart. What a question!" he answered, impatiently.

"But, Edgardo, you stay away so long, and I am lonely," twining her soft arms about his neck.

He disengaged her. "Don't; it's so hot." He drew out his handkerchief, and as he did so, a tiny square of delicate cambric fluttered to the floor. It was Ethel's, which he had begged from her but an hour ago. Dolorosa's quick eye detected it. The first pang of jealousy shot through her heart.

"I—I just found that," he said, hastily, stooping to pick it up. But Dolorosa had it in her hand.

"It is very pretty," she said. "Ethel," reading the name in the corner.

"Oh! it must be Miss Sterling's," said Edgar, regaining his composure.

"Who is she?"

"A young lady staying at our hotel."

"Do you know her?"

"Slightly."

"Is she pretty?"

"A little. Now, Dolorosa, don't be jealous. It's bad form," laughing uneasily; "besides, you haven't the least cause. You know I love you, but—"

"Ah! darling, forgive me!" she broke in, impulsively. "But I cannot endure the thought that you even look at another. I love you so deeply. I do not think you even yet realize how much. I almost wish that you were ill, that I might nurse you; poor, that I might work for you; in peril or danger, that I might fight for you, or save you with my own life. I see no one but you, think of none other; your voice is ever in my ears, your face always before my eyes. I know that you have many other things to think about—I have only you. My whole life is wrapped up in you, and my heart and soul yours forever. I could not live without you. You will always love me, darling; you will never, never leave me?"

Her passionate outburst ended in a sob, and kneeling by his chair, she clasped him fervently.

"Of course not, Dolorosa. What is the use of making such a commotion?"

With an impatient gesture, he rose and stepped to the window. She stood mute and motionless.

"And now I must go. It's rather late. You'd better go to bed. You look tired," he added, noticing her pale, drawn face. He kissed her in a perfunctory sort of way, and left the room.

Dolorosa could not move. She seemed stunned. She felt as though she had heard her own death warrant. It was not so much the words he uttered, but his manner, which so wounded her sensitive spirit. She saw then the causes of his frequent absences, and his careless caresses. The awful truth came over her, and it seemed as though the shame of it would crush her. *He was tired of her!* He had grown weary of the devotion she had given so lavishly. Her quick imagination foresaw the result, and she remembered her baby words to her dying mother. The room seemed close. She could hardly breathe. Rushing out into the air, she sought the glistening shore, and cast herself upon the cool sand, in the shadow of a large rock. Presently, the sound of voices came from the other side of the boulder.

A woman's voice was saying: "Are you sure you are in earnest? I cannot quite think you are. Forgive me, but we must be honest with each other. Do you really love me?"

"How can you doubt me?" came the reply; "have I not assured you, again and again? And I know your mother would approve the match. My people, too, are anxious for me to 'settle down,' as they call it. Ah! Ethel, don't distrust me, but say you will be my wife."

The voice was Edgar Allenby's, and those words were heard with terrible distinctness by the Spanish girl crouching in the shadow. In a few moments, the two figures rose, and slowly walked toward the hotel. Dolorosa lay quite still until they had gone. In those few moments, she had lived over her entire life. She saw how empty her existence had been until a few short

months ago, and then how rapturous her brief joy had been. She saw how black the future would be—no peace, no hope, no love—all bitterness, dishonor and despair. The thought stifled her. “I could not endure it,” she moaned. The shame overwhelmed her. The blood left her heart. Her limbs grew numb, and her lips murmured faintly, “My lost love, my Edgardo.” She looked up. The stars smiled kindly at her; the sky was beautifully bright; white clouds seemed to beckon, and the cool, soft waves invited her; the earth was black; the heavens bathed in golden light. “Miserere,” she whispered.

Then all was silence.

* * * * *

The third morning after his betrothal night, Edgar Allenby arose, and his conscience having troubled him with unquiet dreams of the girl who had appealed to him so passionately but unavailingly, he made his way toward the tiny cottage. As he hastened along the shining beach, upon which the morning tide was breaking, he pondered as to the best method of informing Dolorosa of his near departure, and the necessity of severing the tie between them.

“I hope she won’t make a fuss,” he thought. “I’ll try and fix it up amicably. “Hello, Ethel!” as he encountered his fiancée, flushing prettily, in the crisp morning air.

“I’m just returning from my constitutional,” she said. “How lovely everything is at this hour! The world seems so fresh, and beautiful and clean. It inspires one to think and act nobly. I have made so many good resolutions this morning. I’m going to be a model wife. How can one do or think evil with such heavenly surroundings? Don’t you feel better morally, as well as

physically, for being here, dearest?" She slipped her hand in his, tenderly.

Before he could reply, a mightier wave than the rest rushed on the beach, and, rolling on the sands, broke into glistening gems at their feet. As the spray died away, a dark object was seen near the shore, apparently washed in by the tide. They hastened to it. Ethel sank on her knees, her fair hair blown about her face, and in her white dress, looking the personification of purity, gazed for the first time into a face that was beautiful, even in death—the dark, passionate face of Dolorosa.

* * * * *

In a large Eastern city, there dwells an artist whose work has made him famous. Although much sought after, he seems to shun, rather than seek society. People say that it is the modesty of genius which causes him to seclude himself; his friends silently wonder at the change that has come over him, and conclude that it is the sobering influence of matrimony. His devoted wife knows that she does not share his confidence to the utmost, but her heart finds solace in the care and love of her children.

And he? In a secret cabinet of his studio is a portrait, which but one other beside himself has ever beheld. He dares not look at it now, but it seems sometimes as though the dark, mournful eyes will burn through the securely locked door. They penetrate his inmost soul; they follow him everywhere. His fair-haired wife's gentle affection cannot overcome them; his children's sweet caresses cannot cause him to forget, nor the homage of the world obliterate the memory of the past. In the midst of his daily life, the very honors heaped on him chafe, rather than gratify. His fame brings little comfort to his heart. He looks shudderingly into his heart, and imagines it branded with the mark of Cain.

At times, thoughts of wife, children, renown, and all else, fade away, and he is once more on the beach at San Ronaldo, in the morning sunlight, while before him lies the body of her who lived for him alone, loved but him, and died for him—the passionate, faithful Spanish child of Fate—Dolorosa!

BEATRICE STURGES.

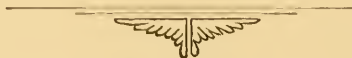




A LITTLE BOY.

A little boy I know, so bright of face,
So dimpled-sweet, so bubbling o'er with mirth,
He seems a brooklet gushing from the earth,
And gurgling softly now o'er pebbly place,
And bounding now o'er tiny precipice.
Please God, may he yet be some noble firth,
And wash to shore the pearls of goodliest worth
That undiscover'd lie at ocean's base,—
Some strong arm of the sea, where argosies
Of lofty purposes may safely steer
Their freight to God's eternal ocean-pier.
Bound on, brave little brook! so blithe, so merry—
Gain strength for burdens here, and beyond the skies
Be of the River of Life a tributary.

ORELIA KEY BELL.





A LITTLE BOY.

AUNT ANGELINE'S TRIUMPH.

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Sister Long's opinion of old Aunt Angeline and her shrewdness will give you a more just and accurate picture of her than pen of mine can paint:—

“She wan’ a town nigger nohow,” Sister Long was wont to say of her, “but wuz fotched fum ole Virginny somewhars befo’ de war en sold. I hab hecard sey she uz sold ’count o’ stealin’. She tuk a whole hog, dey useter to say, en she skunt it, stidder scaldin’ ov it—skunt it wid her own han’s. She uz a toler’ble ole ’oman when she moved ter town, en done been free fur years. Her en me wuz neighbors oncet, en I reckon I knowed her toler’ble well. En dey ain’ no denyin’ ob de fac’ dat Sist’ Sims *hed* tuk some, *some* time. Ez fur tricks—ef dey wuz a trick dat nigger ’oman wuzn’t up ter hit’s des beca’s she ain’ nebber hecard tell on it. But it wuz dat last trick o’ her’n dat tuk de *premyum*. Dey useter sey dey wan’ no hole too little fur Sist’ Angeline Sims ter work out ob; but she sho’ mighty nigh got inter one too tight fur her dat time. Some laid it all ter de do’ ob Brudder Luther Ellis fur makin’ ob de motion ter tek her inter de chu’ch.”

And there is not the least doubt in the world that the bringing of the old sinner into the church was in truth owing to Brother Luther’s smartness in shouldering her cause. But, to do him justice, he did in some measure seek to prevent the bringing of reproach upon his act by always keeping his off eye upon Sis-

ter Sims and her goings-on. Perhaps he had been hasty in speaking up for her as he did. Her spiritual reputation was not up to the Methodist mark of excellence; while her moral name was, to say the least of it, odorous.

Yet, in spite of all that might be said, there was that about Sister Sims which inspired friendship for the lonely old soul; hers was one of those natures which would bind another's bruises, anoint his sores, give her last crumb to feed his hunger,—and, while ministering to his needs, rob him of his pocket handkerchief, or steal the shoes from off his feet. So perhaps Brother Luther wasn't so mightily to blame after all. She had stood so terribly alone that night when asking admission into the church. Even Brother Bolin, the preacher in charge, seemed ready to cast a stone at her. The pathos of it appealed to Brother Luther. Moreover, Brother Luther was a pillar of the church; he could afford to stoop to the help of the spiritually hungry. His heart went out to the penitent when Brother Bolin called upon her for the "experience" by which it was customary to weigh a candidate's claims to church privileges. She rose, a smile such as the devout are accustomed to wear, giving a sort of extra shine to her glossy old face.

"Brudders," she began, "en sisters, I got religion, en I went off inter a tranche; en I see Marse Gabul come down out'n de heabens wid 'is ho'n; en he blowed, en he blowed, *en* he blowed, tell I know in my soul he 'uz dest a-blowin' fur me. So I riz up, en sez I, 'I's raidy, bress de Lord!'"

She took her seat amid breathless silence. Back in the country, in the backwoods where she had spent the greater part of her life, such an experience might have passed—might have aroused some enthusiasm, indeed. But this was a *town* church, a congre-

gation of town people. She need not for one moment suppose they would be put upon by any such old-fashioned, unlikely rot as that. She had scarcely taken her seat before Brother Bolin rose.

"Sist' Sims," said he, "I regret to say dat de 'sperience jes' related am not broad enough ter remit you inter de communion ob de chu'ch. We ull be obleeged ter pass you by twell dere am some mo' clarifyin' proof dat you hab had de witness ob de Sperit dat you am de chil' of God."

A giggle followed the preacher's words; perhaps it was the laugh that influenced old Luther. At all events he rose, and—

"Brudder Bolin," said he, "I feel moved ter sey dat you am toosebere in yo' jedgmint ob dis sister. You don' know, brudder, 'bout dat ho'n; you don' know but she might hab heeard a toot or two. I moves dat we remit her inter de church."

Upon the strength of this speech she was taken in; the possible "toot or two" was admitted; but old Luther always felt that the burden of her lay heavy upon his soul.

Jordan is a hard road to travel. The church had taken old Angeline in on trust, so to speak. She was "mighty churchful," they said of her; a great shouter—nobody in the church could out-shout Sister Angeline Sims. She could sing, too; she always sang when the collection was being taken. She had a way of dropping her head back, closing her eyes and rocking to and fro, and singing until the contribution hat had passed by.

One night when there was an important collection to be raised, the minister expressly requested that there be no hymn until after the hat had been passed. And said he with meaning emphasis,—

"Brudderin, I hopes fur de glory ob de Lord dat none ob you will go off ter sleep endurin' ob dis collection fur de pore ob de church."

About that time Sister Sims began to sing:—

"Swing low, sweet charryot,
Comin' fur ter cyarry me home:—
Swing low——"

Brother Bolin raised his hand:—

"De congregation," said he, "will please ter not ter sing, but jest ter keep dey eyes op'n."

There was sudden silence, broken only by the sound of broad, flat soles moving down the carpetless aisles where the stewards were "passing the hat" between the rows of well-filled pews.

Aunt Angeline saw them coming. Not to put a dime into that hat meant everlasting death to her own self-respect, to say nothing of the eyes fixed upon her. She began to fumble in her pocket: it hadn't felt the weight of a coin in six months. Nearer came the hat; more energetic became the search in the seemingly bottomless pocket. It seemed to her that every eye in the house was fixed upon her; she must put something into that hat. She thought once of wadding a bit of paper and dropping that in. But the great white eyes of old Luther Ellis were watching. Moreover, the brother with the hat would be sure to detect the cheat. She wondered if she might not be able to give a little sleight of hand performance that would dazzle the eye of the beholder into the idea that she had dropped in her mite. As the hat came nearer she detected that in the eye of old Luther which said, "No fooling with the Lord's money, if you please."

But old Aunt Angeline was a woman of resources. She had been through slavery "before the war," and according to her

own statement had "been through sights since." She caught the look in Brother Lutlier's eyes; her own flashed back the challenge, "Ketch dis ole nigger nappin' *if* you kin." At the same moment the hand in the pocket of her dress came to a sudden satisfactory stop. A smile of genuine relief broadened the big, thick lips. The hand was withdrawn from the pocket and now lay, half-closed, upon her lap. The look she gave old Luther said, "Done foun' it, brudder; done foun' de money fur de pore." She saw that he understood, and so settled herself back contentedly in the pew and gave herself to the business of dodging that hat and at the same time maintaining a degree of respectability becoming a member in good standing.

It was at that moment that her eye chanced to fall upon the lap of the sister at her side. The woman was Sister Long, and she was industriously twisting with a much-beholed handkerchief the nose of the little boy on her left. Sister Sims occupied the end of the bench upon the woman's immediate right. The benches were tall and narrow and set close together; the lap of the sister upon Angeline's left was well screened from the eyes of the congregation, and upon it lay a bright, glistening, new silver dime. It had evidently slipped from the handkerchief, one corner of which, crumpled and twisted, showed where the precious mite had been tied for safe keeping. Old Angeline, the saint, lifted her knee just a trifle, a shield for the one exposed point of view, gave her head a twirl, lifted her skirts, dropped them—and the sleight of hand act had been performed.

When the hat passed the bit of silver went tinkling down to join its kindred missionaries; and old Angeline through half-closed eyes, saw her "sister in the church" begin the same wild search she herself had but just been engaged upon. "Hit's all de

same," she consoled her rusty old conscience; "hit wuz boun' right whar it wint—de only differ'nce bein' hit wint by de way ob ole Angeline stid o' tudder one."

But let him that standeth take heed; sin always leaves an unguarded outpost. In extracting the coin Mis' Sims had reckoned without the small boy whose nose was being wrenched. As his mother began to shake her skirts and peer beneath the benches he lifted a short, stubby finger and pointed it with deadly accusing straight at the thief:—

"Her taked it," he said; but fortunately for old Angeline nobody heard. "Her taked it," repeated the accuser in a louder key. "Ma? Aw, ma? Ma, I say? *Her* taked it; I seed her 'en' her taked it."

Before he could say another word old Angeline had drowned him out:—

"I'm sometimes up an' I'm sometimes down—
Comin' fur ter cyarry me home;
I'm bent on heaben en a goldin crown—
Comin' fur ter cyarry me home.

"Swing low, sweet charryot,
Comin' fur ter cyarry me home;—
Swing low, sweet charryot,
Comin' fur ter cyarry me home."

And through her half-closed lids she saw the hat pass safely on and drew a long, deep breath of righteous satisfaction.

But the matter did not end here; the boy made himself understood at last and the next morning Mis' Sims had a call. It was altogether a war of words that was fought "over the fence" in front of old Angeline's cabin, but the words were quite forceful

enough in all conscience to have substituted both clubs and shot-guns.

"Yo' nasty ole thief," cried the visitor "I'm good min' ter come in dar en bus' yo' haid open wid a rock. Dat's what I is. Foolin' long dar all dat time wid the pockets ob yo' coat tail 'ten'in' lack dey's some money dar what yo' can't fin'; den when dey ain' nobody lookin' sneakin' de dime off'n somebody else's lap. Dat's de kin' o' Chrischun you is. You'd steal de money off'n de eyes ob de daid: you sho' would; dat's de kin' ob Chrischun you is. I'm good min' go ter de magistrate en hab him fotch you up in cote, dat's what I'm good min' ter do."

Aunt Angeline stood in her cabin door, her hand upon the key. She had breakfast to get in another part of the town. She had no time to waste upon "low flung niggers what furgits ter fotch deir manners long wid 'em." She was not afraid of the magistrate; they were acquaintances of long standing, he and she. She regarded her irate visitor in silence for a moment, then slowly lifted her smooth, fat, black arm, and "Cla'r out!" she commanded. She was as black as the oft-quoted ace of spades, and as glossy as a freshly peeled onion. Her face was shrewd, sharp and jolly—not a trace of ill humor about it. Even when she issued the stern command to "cla'r out," her long brass earrings dangled about her white headkerchief and her little, round, fat jaws in a way that was altogether too jolly to suggest anything on top of this earth more formidable than a monkey or a Christmas breakdown with 'possum and cider between whiles.

"Cla'r out? Who dat gwine cla'r out, I lack ter know," declared the visitor. "You nasty old witch; you black wench, et ain't got no mo' business in de chu'ch den a horse thief am; you tell *me* ter cla'r out? Fo' God if I don' bus' yo' black mouf fur

ye. Come out o' dar, yur nigger wench, en tell me to 'cla'r out,' ef you dar'. Tell me out here in de street, wid plenty o' rocks en sticks handy. You nasty thief! tell a decent 'oman ter cla'r out. Cla'r out! I wouldn't set my foot inside yo' gate, you ole rogue, not ef't you wuz ter gimme all de money in dis town; hit's de God's troof. Cla'r out! Yo' better wait tell some decent 'oman cla'rs in fo' you invites ob 'em to cla'r out; *dat* you 'had. God knows I ain't gwine put *my* foot in yo' nasty den ob thieves: I's gwine up ter Brudder Bolin's house en fetch my boy Joe long ter tell him 'bout'n you stealin' my money off my knee, an' git him ter hab you up in de meet'n', dat's what I's gwine do. You ole sneak-thief-nigger-wench you."

Now Aunt Angeline was not a coward, neither was she quarrelsome. If she was possessed of the weakness of Achan, she was not without a touch of the chief virtue of the man of Uz as well. And she was proud, she was that nigh of kin to Lucifer. Verily she had royal examples to offer in apology. She was proud of her position in the church. It was a small matter to face a magistrate, a constable, or even, as she had once been called upon to do, to come before a jury. It wasn't any great disgrace to spend a day or two in jail. But to be "brought up in meet'n!" That was the sin unpardonable, the stain past the power of the sweets of Araby. Any other threat would have passed over her head like drops of rain upon a duck's back. But this one—she hesitated, scowled, gave her brass earrings a toss, and—shot up a white flag. This called for capitulation. In an instant the shrewd old sinner had laid her plans and set her trap. She removed the key from the door and stepped majestically down to the gate.

"Sist' Long," she said, "I ain' got no time ter stan' here quallin', wid de whi' folks waitin' en hungry fur dey's bre'kfus'. You jes' come up here ter-night en tek a bite o' late supper wid me, en we ull talk 'bout dat mistake o' dat nice little boy o' yo'n whilst we's eatin' a tender young pullet what I's 'been a-savin' fur some fine comf'ny. I dunno but I might scrouge roun' a bit en fin' a moufful o' fruit cake en a litte taste o' wine to he'p it down. You jes' be here 'bout nine er'clock. En fetch yo' ole man long wid yer. Dey's plenty ob de cake en chick'n fixin' fur de hull o' we-alls."

The invitation was tempting; what was one poor little dime as compared with a supper of young pullet and fruit cake?—fruit cake saved from last Christmas, too, without a doubt. And after all, the poor got the dime just as surely as though her hand instead of Sister Sims' had dropped it into the hat. It had been a long time since she had sat down to a dinner of chicken and cake; while as to *wine*—well, she had a drop at sacrament; that was all. The scent of it filled her nostrils; she belonged to the Methodists and knew the influence of chicken upon the Methodist heart. She felt her anger bubbling off in a hiss of sputtering yellow gravy in which was swimming a nicely toasted fowl stuffed with the fattest of "patty bread." Mis' Sims was cook for her old master's oldest son; he was rich, and bought the best of everything. Every darky in that alley knew the feel of Squire Goodloe's chickens.

It was quite too much for the tottering resistance of Sister Long. She smoothed the wrinkles of her white apron and adjusted her bonnet anew.

"Sist' Sims," she said in her best church voice, "I'll come, yessum; an' we'll talk ober dis matter quiet, all ter ouse'ves. An'

ef you tells me dat boy o' mine hab lied ter me 'bout'n dat insig-ni'cant ten-cent piece, I'll take de hide plumb off'n his back, I sholy will. I won't leave ha'r nor hide ter him. En I'll take yo' word fur it, Sist' Sims; I ain' gwine let no bad chil' o' min' put his word ag'inst de word ob a sister in de chu'ch, I sholy ain't. You kin jes' tek my word fer dat, Sist' Sims."

And as old Angeline hobbled off to get the breakfast for the squire's family, her face wore a mingled expression of victory and of defeat. The dime was settled; she had put down a church trial. It would never do for them to drag her into a church trial; there were too many things that *might* come up. She must keep out of church fusses, she told herself, "else dey might be a scan'le."

But that supper—she would "haf ter hab a little flour," "a spoonful o' lard," "a spat o' bae'n," "a pinch o' sugar," "a moufful o' coffee," "a little piece o' butter, no bigger'n a hen aig," "a bottle o' wine out'n de cellar, *en*—de chickin." The fruit cake had been in a box on the mantel, with Aunt Angeline's Sunday shoes on the box, for more than a month. It would have to be eaten now. "An' all fur a measley little dime," said Angeline.

When she went in the squire's gate, her plans were all laid. In the coop, there was a great bronze gobbler, bought and put to fatten against the master's birthday, which would be in a week. As Aunt Angeline passed the coop, the big, fat beauty rammed his head between the bars, and called out with fatal impudence, "Oodle? Oodle? Owdle?" Angeline stopped; a pullet was small for three people—for six, indeed, since she had suddenly remembered that old Luther and his wife might as well be cultivated as not. Then there was another man she had in her mind. Old Angeline usually had some man or another in her mind. In a

moment, she was in the pantry with her mistress, who had slipped out in wrapper, and with bare feet, to give out the breakfast.

When Aunt Angeline passed the coop again, on her way to the kitchen, she came to a sudden stop, gave a fierce little shout of alarm, dropped the tray of flour and lard (she was careful that it dropped upon the well-kept pavement), and went rushing back to the house.

"Ole Mis'!" she exclaimed, at the top of her lungs, "O Lord, ole Mis', *ef* somebody ain' gone en stole ole marster's bufday tuckey!"

The gobbler was gone. Aunt Angeline led the lamentations, after which she carefully scooped up the spilled flour, and set it aside with the lard, before she went to the pantry again for a fresh supply, with which to prepare the master's breakfast. She heard the family at breakfast laughing while they told each other how finding the gobbler gone had "so shocked poor Aunt Angie that she dropped the biscuit tray on the pavement and screamed." While they were enjoying the recital, "poor Aunt Angie" quietly took the keys from the basket on the table behind "old Mis'," and went down to the cellar and helped herself to the bottle of wine that was "ter keep down a church scan'le, en no sin ter tek it."

The supper was a great success. The biscuits were as light and as white as ever adorned the table of old Mis' herself. The coffee was strongly akin to that which had been served at the squire's table at breakfast, dinner and supper. and of which the mistress had remarked, "Three times to-day has the coffee failed to go around." The fruit cake ought to have been as good as the best: "Tuk ole Mis' fo' level hours to mek it," said Ange-

line, as with a proudly sad regret, she placed the stolen chunk upon the sacrificial board.

Her crowning act, however, was when, an hour later, she rose in her place, carving knife in hand, head gracefully a-tilt, and said, "Brudder Ellis, kin I he'p you to a moufful o' dis tuckey?"

Later still, when she laid her wickedly sharp old head upon her pillow, she promptly proceeded to set aside the threatened tilt with conscience, after her own self-satisfying, if not strictly logical manner of reasoning: "Ole marse's tuckey? What if't am? Jail me fur stealin'? Heh? I wuck fur dat man's pappy thirty years, good en faithful. An' now fur one po' ole tuckey gobbler talk 'bout putt'n' o' me in jail? De *insurance* ob some folks."

"Swing low, sweet charryot,
Comin' fur ter cyarry me home;—
Swing low, sweet charryot,
Comin' fur ter cyarry me home."

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.



HAUNTED.

And so the old house is haunted, you say ;
And men look askance as they pass in the street ;
Ah, well, you say true, for turn where I may,
Pale ghosts of the past rise unbid at my feet.

Sitting alone by my desolate hearth,
The shadowy phantoms come thronging around ;
Phantoms of pleasures that died in their birth,
And sorrows that never a burial found.

Pale faces gaze at me I fain would forget,
And voices long hushed wake to music again ;
Each dusky old corridor's echoing yet
With footsteps that memory would still in vain

There's a ghost in the garret, a ghost in the hall,
Each chamber, so silent and empty you see,
With its barren expanses of blank bare wall,
Has a ghostly inhabitant waiting for me.

That old arm-chair, do you think, by the fire,
Is vacant? Ah, no ! when the embers burn low,
Comes the vision at eve of a gray-headed sire,
And spreads its thin palms in the sullen red glow.

This sofa, moth-eaten and useless for years,
Once pillowed the saintliest sufferer's head;
Oh, mother! 'twould spare me my bitterest tears
Would memory but leave you at rest with the dead.

For joys that are gone, when remembered again,
Like flowers bereft of their sweets by the frost,
Are poor withered things that do but retain
The thorns of the rose when its fragrance is lost.

Step light by that closet, breathe soft as you go,
For there is the specter I dread most of all;
There's a skeleton hid in each household, you know;
Come this way—that picture you see on the wall,

With the round rosy lips and the clustering hair;
She's a ghost now, that hovers each night at my door;
And those little worn shoes—do you think I can't hear
Their patterings yet on the old oaken floor?

Why is it, I wonder, the past never dies,
Though you bury it deep as the ocean's bed?
From the lowest abyss 'twill unbidden arise,
And live in eternity when you are dead.

See here, where a nuptial couch was spread,
But the bridegroom's content with a pillow of clay,
And the bride, she is faded and old and unweaned;
She hath seen but the ghost of her marriage day.

For visions there are of times and of places
That come to us oft as our life waxes old,
As well as of people and voices and faces,
Shivering bodiless out in the cold.

Yes, the old house is haunted, the people say true,
Go, leave me alone with my shadowy host;
With the living and loving, what have I to do?
For I am myself but an unburied ghost.

E. F. ANDREWS.



UNDER THE ROSE.

A few hundred feet off the railway line that connects two small Georgia towns is an old-fashioned house in a setting of magnolias and jessamine. A Lamarque rose, deep rooted in the fertile soil, creeps up the corner column, and traveling along from pillar to pillar, veils the upper windows. When the winds blow it sheds a summer snow of petals among the flaming gladioli.

The house was there long before the railway was laid and it seems altogether to disapprove of the rush and roar of modern machinery and grieve that curious eyes should once per day peer in upon its privacy.

There have been many changes in the old homes of Georgia. The new order of things has swept away from them the families that gave them name and being, brought them into the glare from the shadow, and left many that were wont to smile out up the dark lanes leading away off to the county seat, facing the wrong way. The headlight of locomotives blaze at night where the regal peafowl had sunk his colors, and the lazy hens gathered in repose.

But this house was less unfortunate than some of its neighbors, for the lazy surveyor, when he reached it, had long since ceased to keep his line in the fields and wood and adopted the lane itself, leaving the patient and bewildered farmers to plan a new route to the courthouse. Willing or unwilling the old house was brought face to face with life.



UNDER THE ROSE.

To its living master, when the house lost its privacy, it lost its charm. Immersed in philosophy, the silence of its isolation was as necessary to him as to the prophets of old. For awhile he was accustomed, when the train passed, to stand upon the veranda, his gray hairs almost touching the pale Lamarque and moodily view the garish colors of the coaches crossing his beloved landscape, the heavy clouds of bituminous smoke settling into the recesses of his groves, and the strangers who, instead of entering decorously under the arch of his gateway, swept through his premises without so much as a nod or a good morning. Then he would return to his philosophy cheerlessly and strive to forget his misfortune. Soon he removed his study to a rear room and consigned the new order of things to oblivion, shuddering in the night when he heard the derisive shriek of the locomotive—derisive he was sure, although the creek trestle was but half a mile away and it was but just that the man at the throttle should sound a warning.

But there are philosophies that delight the intellect without deepening and broadening the humanity beneath it. If this were not true there would be no story to tell about the old house and its inmates.

Fifteen years before the story became ripe for the telling, a disappointed daughter had drifted back to the old house for refuge, and then into eternity, leaving a motherless babe to anybody's care. The anybody in this instance proved to be one of the motherly old servants whom nothing but death can drive away from the scenes of their youth, and who linger not altogether useless upon the stage. In this old soul, imbued with all the pride and gentleness of the family, the babe found a friend.

It bloomed in the wilderness, and, as the Lamarque crept from pillar to pillar, grew in strength and beauty.

And the old philosopher: While he was wandering with his head in the stars the mystery of the flower at his feet was unfolding.

Then came the engine and perished isolation. When the gray head was seen no more under the Lamarque, a golden one remained. Old Joe, the engineer, learned to look for it as the days passed and the monotony of his run grew upon him, and to smile as the little figure danced in the sunlight and clapped hands in its excitement. Sometimes the figure came down to the gate and swung upon it, and as Joe waved his hand, waved an absurd sunbonnet in return.

So rolled away the months and the years. No rivals came to the road and few changes. And few of importance came to the old home. The magnolias were simply taller, the jessamines ranker, and the Lamarque reached the last pillar. But now the girl was not always seen upon the porch or at the gate; sometimes the train found her at the crossing sitting demurely in the buggy with her school books while the half-blind old coachman held back the only surviving and very respectable carriage horse to keep him from injuring the new fangled thing the common people had built to ride in. But she still waved her hand and smiled and not only the engineer and fireman, but the conductor, the brakeman and newsboy replied, and every honest soul of them carried the memory of that sunny head with the dancing eyes and red-brown cheeks. And there had been added to them another; a blue-aproned young man once a day laid aside his letters, stood in the doorway of his car, and swung his braided cap as the figure of the girl gleamed upon his vision.

Just how it happened, no one knows. Old Joe was first to voice the general conclusions.

"There's Jack's sweetheart," he said once, as the train rushed over the crossing, and drew from the old coachman an indignant denunciation of people who cast dust upon a member of the particular family he was serving; and, by universal consent, Jack's sweetheart she became. Jack, as he swung the mail bags in and out, blushed, but did not deny it. Then Jack's car began to have *Lamarques* in it, and now and then throughout the summer, the old coachman came to the car at the station, and placed therein a basket of blue and white grapes and pomegranates, the coolest of raspberries, and rarest of melons. And now and then, a little split stick, with a letter thrust into it, went out of the car door, and lodged upon no less than the sacred soil of the old philosopher's lawn. There was none to forbid.

One day, the little woman made her appearance at the station near at hand, and stood blushing by the doorway of Jack's car, and nodded and smiled to old Joe, as he leaned from his cab, and smiled back to her through the bituminous gloom of his countenance—to the conductor, as his eyes twinkled and cap was doffed; to the grinning newsboy, and brakeman. When the timid little woman pronounced the words, "Are there any letters for me?" every mother's son of them disappeared like magic, and not a sound of laughter ever issued from their places of retirement, but they failed not to ask Jack the same question, until one day the newsboy got his ears cuffed.

It was the first time that any of them had met her, but not the last time. As the months passed, many and many a time she stood by the car door, and asked for the letters that never came, and talked with Jack, and brought him little baskets of flowers

or fruits, plucked with her own hands. And after awhile, there came a sad and pensive look in her sunny face, and they understood, for Jack had told her that he had a lung trouble, and it was serious. Few people would have doubted it to hear him cough.

The hearts of her transient friends went out to her during those long days, as she kept her trysts there by the car door, twisting her bonnet strings in and out among her brown fingers, and looking off into vacuum with unfocused vision, as she talked with Jack. How little she seemed! And yet—and yet—there was about her, despite the simple dress reaching the shoe tops only, the half-tied clustering hair, the childish figure shifting from one foot to the other nervously—something that suggested the woman, rather than the girl.

CHAPTER II.

And the year passed! But not without stirring events in the life of Jack's sweetheart. One night there came upon the old mansion a storm so fierce, that even Mammy Phyllis, with her eighty years of memories, could find no equal for it. The philosopher stood at his window, smiling into the tumult, charmed with the exhibition of nature's force and phenomena. It was a mimicry of that dim hour, when new worlds were slowly evolving from chaos, and systems getting into respectable shape! Naturally, he was delighted. But the girl lay awake and frightened, in her room. She knew the hour; it was nearly time for Jack's train upon its return run, and in the lulls and lapses of the tempest, she fancied she could hear the hum and murmur of the flood that swept under the dangerous creek trestle. Once before,

the structure had been carried away, and surely it could not live in such a storm as this! When she shut her eyes, she could see the train rushing into the black abyss, and hear Jack's cry for help. Three times between waking and sleeping, she heard the voice, and then she felt within her heart the thrill that has made heroines and martyrs of women through all the ages of history. She arose and crept out upon the rear porch, and listened intently. Beyond a doubt, no wind in the pines could deceive her; it was Jack's voice, she thought. Lighting the stable lantern, and tying a hat over her disordered hair, and setting her white face against the blast, she plunged into the night. The vivid lightning, the tumultuous rush of the winds, the stinging rain, made up an hour of danger that no woman, except a woman in love, could have faced.

She reached the trestle in safety, but wearied to exhaustion, and passed out upon it; and then as she looked down into the rushing waters and the black bosom of death, for the first time she grew faint and her strength wavered. But it was not at sight of the waters; the central bench of the trestle was gone, and the light from her lantern as it streamed out, shone along two rails that swung a line of unsupported cross-ties above the chasm. There was no time for thought. Over the dangerous place she crept, the suspended structure trembling under her weight; and as she moved she prayed aloud, prayed one fervid and unchanging prayer over and over. Then, from the gloom ahead, borne on by the swelling tempest, there came a wild, weird, piercing blast, and as the familiar note struck upon her hearing, the girl straightened, and fearing no more, bounded forward and stood upon firm ground. What happened seemed afterwards to her like a dream. She knew that she swung the lan-

tern frantically in a confusion of signals, and a great fiery eye came around the bend and grew larger and larger as it glared upon her; there was a creaking and roaring and clanking of machinery and hurrying forward of dots of light to the white glare that bathed her form as she stood between the rails still swinging her lantern. Then old Joe, she thought, seemed to have his arm about her, and his gray face close to hers. A voice said:

"God bless me, it's Jack's sweetheart." And then Jack came and took her from him, and when she besought him to go back out of the rain, he only stared past her with his wide-open eyes and whispered hoarsely, "Look! Look! Look!"

And down behind her something seemed to vanish noiselessly, and a black torrent rolled where the trestle had been.

CHAPTER III.

It was soon after the night of the storm that the old philosopher came back from the stars, and was seen in the village for the first time in many years. "My granddaughter" was a phrase upon his lips for a week, and it is said that he once led her under a portrait in the parlor, tipped her face up by the chin and grew very thoughtful. But a few days after he seemed to have solved some mystery, and there was a storm indeed.

"What," he exclaimed, "my granddaughter! A railroad man! Impossible; impossible!" And then he was at home to no more visitors, but got himself speedily back unto the stars.

One day the train came by the old home without bell or whistle. Old Joe sat upon his box with head bent forward, a statue in blue granite. The fireman gazed into the opposite field. Neither conductor nor newsboy nor brakeman looked out upon

the pale girl who stood silent under the Lamarque from which every bud and blossom seemed to have been stripped. Across the door of the mail car there hung a festoon of crepe. Suddenly as the engine rushed out upon the trestle the whistle sounded, softly swelling out to only half pitch and dying away slowly into nothingness. The fireman looked quickly upon the bent figure of the engineer, and instinctively reaching up his hand, tolled the bell once. And in the smoker, where they had gathered away from sight of the old house, three people who wore the braided caps lifted them from their heads and looked into each others faces. And the old man speaking, as if to himself, said softly:

“Ole Joe ’es prayin’ fer you, Missy!”

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS.





SLEEP.

Thou best of all, God's choicest blessing, Sleep;
Better than earth can offer—wealth, power, fame;
They change, decay; thou always art the same;
Through all the years thy freshness thou dost keep,
Over all lands thine even pinions sweep;
The sick, the worn, the blind, the lone, the lame,
Hearing thy tranquil footsteps, bless thy name;
Anguish is soothed, sorrow forgets to weep.
Thou ope'st the captive's cell and bid'st him roam;
Thou giv'st the hunted refuge, fre'st the slave,
Show'st the outcast pity, call'st the exile home;
Beggard and king thine equal blessings reap,
We for our loved ones wealth, joy, honors crave;
But God, He giveth His beloved—Sleep.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.



PRACTICAL WORDS TO SOUTHERN WRITERS.

With that phenomenal growth of really good literature that followed the true "reconstruction" of the South, there sprouted, not unnaturally, a vast amount of the weedy and worthless rubbish of imitation.

Yet this in no sense intimates that there is not an amount of latent talent hidden in the South, still undreamed of; and vast enough in volume, diverse enough in ambitious grasp, yet to astound even her own people. What alone it needs to develop it, is proper friction, or rather, proper application of it. For friction of a certain sort it gets in plenty, while the moan over broken hopes fills the air, and stacks of "rejected addresses" line the rugged path to the back door of experience.

It is plainly very easy to suggest to young writers "how not to do it."

They may paraphrase Mr. Greeley's philosophy about resumption of the specie payments, and accept as an axiom that the easiest way to write successfully is, not to write! But it is far more difficult to answer practically that wail, which comes up unceasing to the ear of every editor and critic, for suggestions as to those modes of writing which must succeed. As simple as that advice, was the search after the "Philosopher's stone;" more so, in fact, for the varying classes of mind, of taste and of inborn habit of expression are absolutely infinite.

What would be capital advice to one, would merely promote certain suicide in the next score; and to lay down any fixed rule,

that is worth the conning, presupposes close and intimate acquaintance with that particular mind for which it is meant.

Only one general rule may be considered invariably applicable; and that may be condensed into the endorsement I once put upon one of the many early and crude efforts of a woman, since brilliant, erratic and successful, perhaps, beyond any of her sister novelists of the Indian-summer school. As a girl, she always begged honest criticism; and upon one pet effort—which has since gone widely forth, in form as widely changed—I wrote: “Read before you write again, and remember that human nature may become as legible as any other book.”

This may be largely generalization. But so must be all rules, meant for the greatest good of the many, just so long as God makes men and women with minds as different as their faces. For the rest, common sense suggestions to fit most cases are simply these:

Do your very best, in whatever you attempt to write, striving to make each article as much better than its predecessor as you possibly can, by careful revision and especially by condensation. As a rule, the best writing is that which tells its story, or proves its point with least waste of words. It is a safe average belief to cultivate, that what seems best and brightest in one's own work—especially if it smacks of lightness or flippancy—had best be omitted. The public is a many-minded animal; and the very touch that tickles your own ears so pleasantly, probably from familiarity or some local cause, is too apt to make him back his quite dangerously.

It is wise to beware of attempted “versatility”—strong word, that has burthens far too onerous thrust upon it!—and to concentrate upon one special theme, and with all the power in you, so

much of thought, information and experience of life, as you may possess. If that theme be proved the wrong one by fair trial, do not scatter your energies. Be brave enough to leave it promptly and wholly, and to strike out upon another, and radically different one.

One warning may be absolute and general. Avoid all handling of unclean things; and shun as the plague, that so-called risqué school, which already begins to shadow, with its evil influence, the work of many young writers—particularly beginners among women. For the belief, current in uninstructed quarters, that literary smut pays best, is the boldest of fallacies. Broadly or quaintly put, it may catch the ear of the groundling readers, for the moment; but it is morally certain to make the judicious grieve permanently.

There is one rule of professional writing which should never be abrogated by any who hope for ultimate success:

Never print anything that is not paid for at some sort of valuation. The price offered may seem inadequate; perhaps, absurdly so, in the strong reflection of self-esteem. But the fact that a skilled purchaser rates effort at any value at all, in a crowded market where supply vastly exceeds demand, is intrinsic proof that it is presently valuable, and of future promise. And adherence to this rule should not be for the sordid reason of mere money-getting, but for the higher one of incentive to worthier effort.

Finally, it were well to warn all sorts of writers never to be oversanguine; never impatient at all. If articles, of any kind soever, be sent to the great centres, it should be remembered that these are very full and very busy ones, ever; that the competition is infinite; and that able, practiced and noted pens may

have chanced to treat the self-same theme that has suggested itself to the new sender.

But, for his comfort, the beginner may recall that there was a beginning, also, for his most successful competitor; that as such began, so may he, with perseverance, care and—merit. The old German proverb is philosophy, “One must creep, before he may walk.”

For his further comfort, let him know that almost any old, experienced essayist, romancer, or other writer, might thus concrete his own experience into practical truth. I can frankly declare that I never considered any article of my own positively good, or bad, from a commercial standpoint, until I received the check for it. What seemed the very best to me, was frequently “turned down” by skilled judges, who probably knew far better what was best for the public taste.

T. C. DeLEON.



BOYHOOD'S DREAM ISLAND.

I know of a beautiful island,
Far down in the path of life's stream,
By music's soft magic enchanted—
'Tis the isle of my boyhood's dream.
How sweet the bird-hymns of that island,
How gladsome the song of the rill,
And the musical voices of playmates
That dwell on the island still!

Sweet island of beauty, I love thee;
I long for thy peaceful repose,
And the rainbow of promise above thee
That circled the bloom of the rose!

And now on the dream-tide of slumber,
I drift to that island again,
And lo! the bright visions of childhood
Eclipse the sad pictures of pain!
I hear the soft music of minstrels
That charmed the sweet twilights of old
And bathe in the glory of sunsets
That melted the days into gold.

Bright island of beauty, I love thee!
Oh, give me again thy repose,
And the rainbow of promise above thee
That circled the bloom of the rose!

No cares ever haunted my spirit
On that beautiful island of bliss,
And visions of paradise charmed me
Unveiled by a mother's fond kiss.
But shadows since then have fallen,
And Sorrow has threaded her seam,
And I long to be quiet forever
On the isle of my boyhood's dream!

Dear island of beauty, I love thee,
And may I forever repose
'Neath the summer-lit arch of the rainbow
That circled the bloom of the rose!

L. L. KNIGHT.



THE CHILD OF TALLULAH.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

One of the fairest portions of the State of Georgia is the mountainous section lying north of Hall and Banks counties, and between the Tugalo and Broad rivers.

Through the entire extent of the upland, flows a small stream, winding here and there, through fertile vale and over mountain cliff, losing itself in some gloomy chasm and reappearing, to ripple on, like a silver thread against a sombre background, finally ending in a mad, surging torrent—the picturesque falls of Tallulah, the Terrible.

It was near this spot, lonely, but grand, there stood years ago an Indian village; and here Oneco, the hero of our sketch, first saw the light. He was the son of a great warrior, who, in his time, held mighty sway over his people.

A genuine child of Nature, Oneco loved his mountain home, and every foot of ground was dear to his heart. The roaring of the cataract had been the lullaby that hushed him to sleep in infancy, and its grand and mournful music had power, even now, to dispel his fiercest mood.

One day while returning to the village, he chanced upon a strange figure which blocked his way. He spurned the prostrate form, and with his foot would have sent it tumbling down the mountain-side; but the hood, becoming loosened, fell off, and Oneco uttered an ejaculation of surprise. This was no squaw, as

he had supposed. Instead of the swarthy brow and raven hair of an Indian, there lay a woman with fair skin and locks like threads of gold. Under the shawl folded about her shoulders, nestled a little child.

Oneco hesitated, evidently touched by the woman's fate. He bent over her lifeless figure, a strange expression lighting up his countenance.

"Thesquaw is dead," he said. "I will carry the papoose to the village; the old women shall take care of her until she is grown."

* * * * *

Years passed. The foot of the white man penetrated the forest, and, inch by inch, the red man disputed his advance. The bounding step of the Indian is becoming sly and stealthy now, for the monarchs of the forest are contending with the forces of civilization.

A trapper from the mountains of North Carolina, whilst on an excursion through the country, found himself upon a broad plateau some thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. He was clad in the rough, picturesque garb of the hunter, making altogether a striking representative of the era in which he lived, as he stood leaning upon his staff, watching the dawning of a new day.

A cautious step startled him, and he grasped his rifle, as the lithe, supple figure of an Indian chief emerged from behind the cliff. It was Oneco, now many years removed from happy boyhood. Each eyed the other furtively; then the white man extended his hand. Oneco drew himself proudly up.

"The paleface comes even here!" he said, sadly. "Here, where I hoped to be forever alone with my beloved Wachita and the Great Spirit."

"The Great Spirit you speak of," replied the hunter, "is my fathers' God. Can we not both worship Him from this lofty height. I bear the red man no ill-will. Let us be friends! Let us smoke!"

Oneco hesitated, regarding him cautiously; then taking out his pipe, they smoked in silence.

Suddenly Heustis espied hiding behind a huge bowlder, an elfin creature, half woman, half child, who was regarding him with a strangely eager and enraptured gaze. He uttered an involuntary murmur of surprise and delight; and was bounding forward to speak to her, when Oneco dashed past him, seized the girl's hand and led her to the very top of the rock upon which they stood.

"Wachita is late," he said, tenderly, but reproachfully. The day-god grows red with anger at the delay." Wachita hung her head at this implied rebuke; then, after a moment, burst forth into a wild, impassioned improvisation to the sun. Her golden tresses floated in careless grace over her white shoulders and dress. Her blue eyes were lifted upward with a world of eager longing in their depths. She looked like some priestess of old, ready for the altar of sacrifice. Before them spread the glorious landscape! In the distance the murmur of the ever restless Tallulah sounded like a soft accompaniment to her morning chant.

The face of Heustis was radiant. Strange emotions swayed his soul. He listened for a moment, enraptured; then tearing himself away from the spot, hurried down the mountain, utterly unable to fathom this new and strangely blended emotion of delight and regret, of exaltation and infinite despair.

Wachita continued her song. Oneco flung himself at her feet and gazed into her blue eyes with intensity of feeling. When she had ended, he threw his protecting arm about her girlish figure,

and with a passionate cry, clasped her to his bosom and bounded away over cliff and valley; a great joy, not unmixed with pain, tugging at his heart.

* * * * *

Under an angle formed by a great rock, which served to screen Wachita from rain and sun, lay the white girl. Many days have passed since she chanted her hymn to the sun-god. She has been ill of a fever. After anxious nights and days of suffering, Oneco consented to leave her in quest of medicine and food.

He had been gone but an hour, when she fancied she heard footsteps approaching. Grasping the hunting knife Oneco had given her, she peered out from her desolate hiding place. Cautiously the steps drew nearer. Then a dark figure blocked its entrance, and a voice she had heard before whispered tenderly, "Be not afraid, Wachita, it is I! For days I have watched Oneco, hoping he might leave you. At last, I am here to deliver you from your lonely life. You shall go to my mountain home! You shall be restored to your people! Tallulah shall know your glad laugh no more! How beautiful you are in the pale moonlight, my matchless Wachita, more beautiful than when your fair face first stirred my heart! From that very hour I have loved you with my whole soul; O strange, incomparable creature!"

A glad light crept into her eyes, and her whole countenance became radiant. She burst forth into one of her wierdly impassioned songs, a wail, whose echoes died away and were lost in the moaning of the restless cataract. Then, placing her hand within that of Heustis, she said, "Take me withersoever you will, I am yours!"

The hunter raised her emaciated form, folded her in his arms and bounded away, a triumphant smile lighting up his handsome face.

Oneco, speeding away on his errand of love, heard the voice he had learned to know, as the eagle the cry of her young; heard the impassioned chant so full of love and of regret (For though the maiden's heart thrilled with this new and passionate love for one of her own race, she remembered, with gratitude, the kindness and devotion of the Indian.) and hurried up the ascent. He grasped his bow more firmly, and like some beast at bay, stood upon an outlying crag that commanded a view of many miles. His trained eye swept the horizon. Something he saw caused his form to sway with uncertain motion, and a bitter cry of grief and rage escaped his lips; then he sank down, paralyzed at the sight of Wachita resting on the bosom of Heustis as he bore her from him forever. But only a moment of inactivity elapsed. Recovering from the shock, Oneco hastened after the fugitives. His feelings might be read in the swollen veins of brow and throat, and the burning light in his eye.

The hunter pressed forward with increasing speed, but, burdened as he was, Oneco was rapidly gaining ground. Heustis drew out his hunting knife and clasped it between his teeth, while Wachita shuddered, but clung to him wildly, urging on his faltering footsteps with every word of endearment and affection at her command.

Oneco's unerring instinct comprehended his adversary's aim. It was to pass under the ledge of rocks that barred their way and lose himself in the intricacies of the Grand Chasm. Quick as thought, the wily Indian intercepted his flight by crossing, at perilous height, a shelving rock the hunter had avoided. Before the pursued, lay a bluff five hundred feet high. The Indian was forcing him to take this route. A moment and the hunter stood on

the verge of the precipice. He glanced anxiously at Wachita. Something in her look reassured him.

Oneco comprehended the glance of triumph in his rival's eye. He drew his bow. In a twinkling, the arrow sped true to its aim. The stalwart figure of the hunter swayed, rocked, then, still clasping Wachita to his breast, leaped into the yawning abyss. Oneco paused a moment at the brink of the precipice, drew out his hunting knife, and with a yell of savage fury, bounded over the rock and fell, a mangled heap at the feet of his victims. He seemed to feel no pain, but twisted his maimed body until it rested nearer that of Heustis; then plunging his knife through the body of his adversary, pinned it to the ground. In another moment, he had lifted the golden-haired Wachita from the moist earth and pillowed her fair head upon his own bosom. The pale moon climbed high in the heavens. The long night passed slowly away. When the sun's rays kissed the eastern hilltops, and the eagle's fierce cry for food was heard above the moanings of Tal-lulah, Oneco's soul passed into the presence of the Great Spirit, there to meet his victims.

But the mad torrent, leaping onward in its flight to the ocean, still sends back a plaintive wail for the lost child of the forest.

ANNIE H. SMITH.

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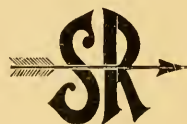


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